

JOHN BULL



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your frock beautifully

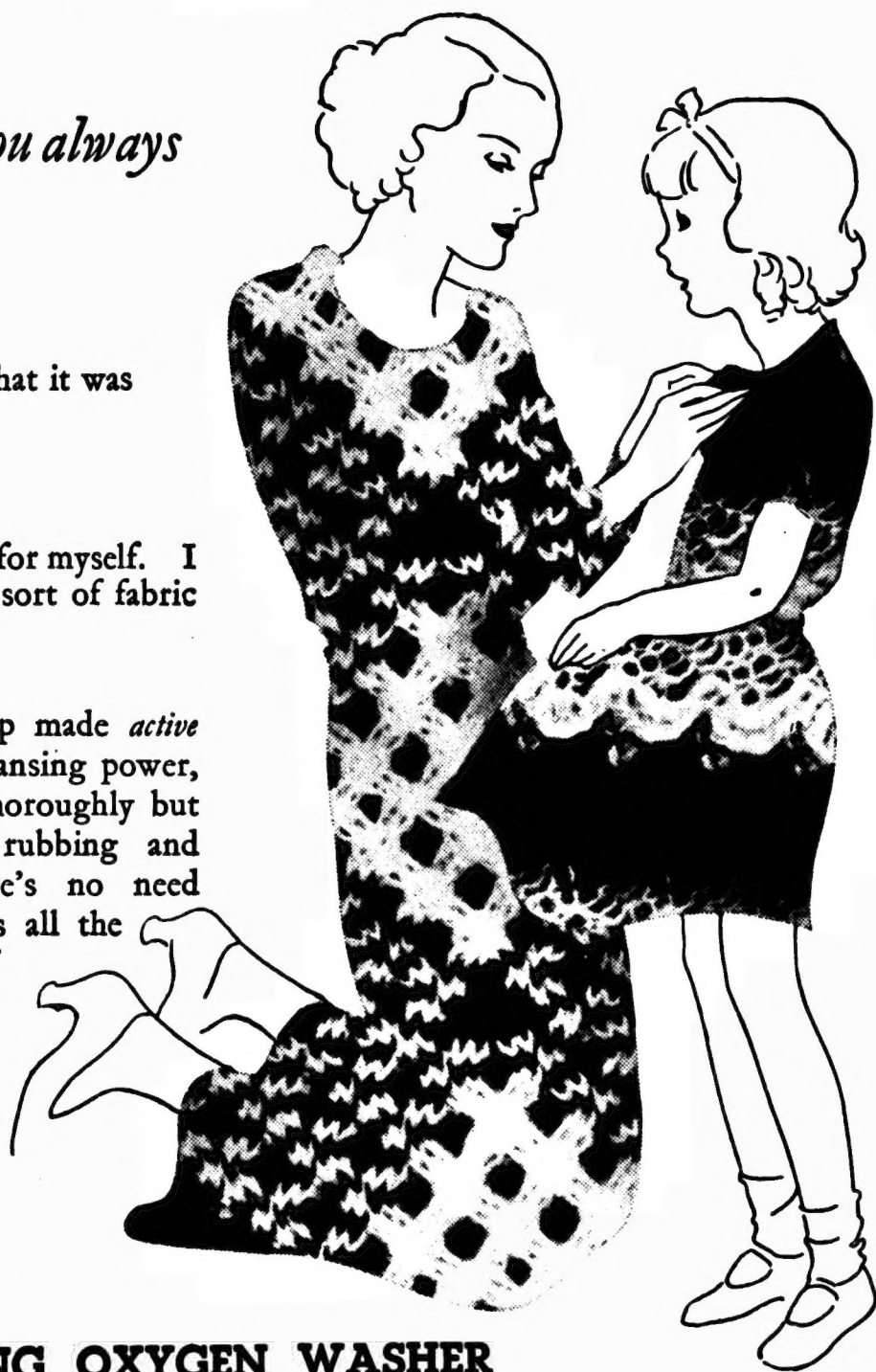
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JOHN BULL

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

INTOLERABLE conditions of employment are afflicting many thousands of the shop workers of this country.

By almost every post letters come to us begging that JOHN BULL shall forcefully plead the cause of the sweated shop assistant, and demand immediate reform.

Heart-breaking instances are given in this correspondence which definitely implies that in some directions matters are becoming progressively worse.

And now official confirmation of this, so far as the retail grocery trade is concerned, has reached us in a rather remarkable way.

At a recent monthly meeting of the Metropolitan Grocers' Association a resolution was put forward in favour of the establishment of a Trade Board to regulate wages and employment in all grocery and provision stores throughout Britain.

Of course, a Trade Board would remedy the scandal of sweated labour; of overlong working hours and insufficient pay.

But this proposal was not welcomed by the Metropolitan Grocers' Association. Indeed, the resolution which would have raised the status of grocery shop assistants was defeated by a heavy majority.

Realising that there was to be some very plain speaking against the bad employer, the association decided in advance that the meeting should be a private one. The newspapers were excluded, and no authorised report of the proceedings was afterwards issued. The general public was kept in ignorance of what happened.

NATURALLY, the opponents of this scheme to improve the conditions of the shop assistant preferred that their identity should remain a secret.

JOHN BULL, however, is in a position to reveal what passed at that meeting.

We have been supplied with a copy of the speech of the leading London grocer who advocated a Trade Board for the industry, and made startling charges against several of his fellow-employers.

The man who, to his credit, argued the cause of 200,000 grocery shop assistants was Mr. H. H. Waite, chairman and managing director of a Kensington company. He had in opposition to him the representatives of some of the largest and best-known distributing and multiple-shop firms.

Openly Mr. Waite declared that the wages of grocery assistants were too low and their working hours too many. He alleged also that the present tendency was to employ an undue proportion of junior assistants; youths and girls who were only kept on so long as they could be classed as "juniors," and were discharged when they reached adult age.

During the past ten years the wages of workers in the grocery and provision trades had been very much reduced and the hours of labour increased.

It was the employee who made the greatest sacrifice during the late years of depression—



"Wages of grocery assistants are too low and their working hours too many"

the cutting of prices and profits was no fault of his. The establishment of a Trade Board was the only effective means of improving the position of the shop assistants.

"I am concerned," declared Mr. Waite, "that anyone should come here to oppose a movement which has as its object the raising of the standard of living for over 200,000 people, who are not organised, and who are unable to speak for themselves."

We also are concerned in the same measure that large employers, who draw substantial profits from the buying public, should stand together in defence of sweated labour.

What argument can justify such wages as these? They are actual examples collected in different parts of the country:—

The manageress of a Plymouth shop receives 15s. a week; assistants in that same shop are paid 2s. 6d. a week.

A cashier of a Reading store, age 22, salary

25s. a week. This cashier handles £500 a week in payments over the cash desk.

Manager of a busy London shop, aged 30, wages £2 a week.

Assistants in Glasgow shops with wages of 10s. and 15s. a week.

Towns in Yorkshire have a bad reputation, as the following figures show:—

Sheffield: Juniors, aged 19, receiving only 17s. a week, and other assistants 18 years of age with wages of 13s. 6d. a week.

Wakefield: Male assistant, aged 21, wages 17s., and the proud city of Leeds, married men with families being paid as little as 32s., and managers with "salaries" of 45s.

GENERALLY the worst areas for underpay and long hours are Scotland and the far West of England. London is better than the rest of the country and the other great cities.

But through the whole grocery and provision trade the average wage is scandalously inadequate; worse by far than the drapery trade, and only exceeded in smallness by the wages in the tobacco and greengrocery trades.

As further evidence of the appalling condition of shop assistants, we quote cases from letters received by one morning's post:—

"I am an assistant in a sweet and tobacco shop at Liverpool, and for the princely sum of £1 a week—less insurance—I have to work *seventy-six hours a week*, and have to get my tea, wash, etc., and serve at the same time. I cannot afford to lose even this job, as there are so many others putting in even longer hours. I hope you will do something in your splendid paper to call attention to this."

"There was a judgment summons heard before the judge of the Cheltenham County Court. The debtor could not be present, because he was at work, but his wife appeared, and stated that her husband worked for a grocer in the town and received 25s. a week in wages. She had one child and had to pay seven shillings a week in rent."

"I am working for a private grocer in the town, and am getting 30s. a week, and the hours are about twelve a day. I am not the lowest paid by a long way."

THEN there is a complaint of summer holiday work at a seaside town in a popular restaurant where girls are employed in the still room and store at six shillings a week, plus inadequate meals, for a twelve-hour day.

Unpleasant allegations are made against the sanitary equipment and cleanliness behind the scenes of this restaurant, where hundreds of holiday makers are served with their meals.

"The kitchens are in a filthy state"—we quote the letter of an employee—"and down the wooden stairs leading into them the walls are often crawling with cockroaches."

Food supplied for the staff meals was often tainted, and cases of supposed food poisoning occurred among the assistants.

So it goes on; one after another come these letters from sorely tried and unhappy workers, who in desperation write to JOHN BULL trusting that their cry against slavery may be heard.

It is inhuman that men and women should have to work in Britain to-day in such circumstances.

There is only one remedy: A Trade Board for each one of the retail distributing trades to fix by agreement a fair minimum wage, with rigidly defined hours, payment during sickness and for reasonable holidays.

Turning on the Water-Tap—a Little

Grave Coal Dispute in Sight

Thirteen Years a Hero



Now's the time for Sir Kingsley Wood, new Minister of Health, to give the water-tap another turn

WE are glad the Ministry of Health is administering a tonic to the drought-stricken—water, the best tonic of all.

Though what it has given so far is only a drop in the desert. And unless its new chief, Sir Kingsley Wood, sees that the tap is turned on a lot more, we fear that for many years to come thousands of people will be condemned to the shortest of short rations.

Suffering

Week after week our newspapers report the privations those villagers already suffer.

We are told how, in Derbyshire, people have to collect drops from their roofs to make tea. In Yorkshire, some are getting a doubtful liquid from a canal into which filth drains; others have to buy their supplies by the bucket.

Ten-mile trek

Near Marlborough, the precious stuff is taken in churns to villages from a private source miles away; in the Vale of Aylesbury it has to be carted ten miles twice a week to districts that would otherwise be as arid as the Sahara.

In Bedfordshire it is taken by hand over long distances; even so important a city as Leicester has to make do with a restricted service.

And so on.

Help—for some

Well, the Ministry of Health has, quite automatically, just made grants to enable certain rural district councils, covering 493 parishes, to obtain a more adequate supply. Some of those grants are considerable.

Boston rural council, embracing twenty-two parishes, receives £35,000. To Upton-on-Severn, in Worcestershire, which has a similar area, goes £14,000. The Yorkshire council of Pocklington, with 35 parishes, gets £11,500. Other grants range from £4,000 to £12,000.

Parish pump

But note this. The money goes only to those authorities which have already prepared schemes and are willing to raise the greater part of the cost.

Therein lies the mistake of the Ministry. It does not insist that every authority shall make proper provision for the citizens it serves. It forgets that parish pump methods too often mean that the parish pump is allowed to run dry.

Contaminated

Until it enforces a national supply scheme many districts will continue to

suffer—drought or no drought.

For, as we have emphasised before, some parts of the country are waterless whatever the weather, so that people have to rely on stagnant wells, water that has trickled through burial grounds and cattle ponds.

Besides, even an exceptionally dry spell should not cause anxiety in a country with such resources as Britain.

Grid wanted

The only remedy, let us repeat, is a water grid similar to that for electricity. That would not only rob a drought of its terrors, but make it possible to deal with the floods which harass many parts of the country.

That is a job for a big man. We believe that Sir Kingsley, though small in stature, is big enough in capability to see it through. We hope he doesn't disappoint us.

Cabinet making

If the present Government should be re-elected there will be many changes in the Cabinet.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, whose handling of Dominion affairs has hardly been successful, will be transferred to another office. Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, will also go. So will the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir B. Eyres-Monsell (who has announced his intention to retire from politics), and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is almost certain to disappear from the Colonial Office.

Coal menace

The miners have said the last word. They have given the mine owners until October to grant wage increases they believe the industry can well afford.

The owners obstinately refuse to meet the men in conference.

It is for our Ministers to do something and not wait until October. If they start blaming the men then for some disastrous stoppage we shall remember what their own tardiness has contributed to it.

Fatuous and futile

But they still leave the quota loopholes open.

While the miners are having to work short time owing to the alleged lack of orders, Hull fishing boats are having to coal abroad because of the difficulty of obtaining adequate supplies!

What has the Secretary for Mines to say about such exasperating breakdowns of an otherwise rational system? More important still, what does he intend to do?

Robbing Peter

His colleague, the Minister of Labour, is postponing an unemployment scheme for agriculture till he has enquired into the possibility of insuring domestic servants.

Not to help the servants. There is practically no unemployment among them. But they and their employers would pay £2,000,000 a year into the fund without drawing anything out.

The idea is to make them pay for the keep of the unemployed farm workers.

In memoriam

Sir William Watson, the poet, is dead. He might have starved to death but for the charity of his fellow-writers,

for his high talents earned him only the crumbs of failure.

It is said that in an age less mechanical than ours he would have been esteemed by every man in the street. Let us keep our sense of proportion. Was even Shakespeare known to every man of his time?

Song of the shirt

Still, we certainly live in a mechanical age. We ought to revise Hood's poem "Song of the Shirt" accordingly.

For we are told that in a mechanised tailoring factory thirty-two workers, most of them juveniles, are turning out 210 dozen shirts a day—shirts which are made up for 8½d. a dozen!

Can the tune hummed by those machines be any brighter than the dirge of Thomas Hood?

Absurdities

Then there is the case of Gerald Haigh, of Wakefield, a motor driver who works from 7 a.m. till 6 p.m. and gets only 2s. a week and his lunch.

When he was charged with stealing food, the magistrate censured his employer for paying an "absurd wage."

It is also absurd that such employers should be immune from the law.

Banishing pain

From Russia comes news of painless childbirth achieved by hypnotism. For Russia, terribly short of anaesthetics, cannot spare them for the mothers.

Britain has ample supplies of anaesthetics. But its conservative old doctors refuse to use them in childbirth cases.

Perhaps our doctors have been hypnotised and are thus callous to the needless suffering of women.

Too busy

Now consider the plight of the London girl who found it impossible to get into a hospital though she was going to have a child. So she went to a doctor, who sent her to an unqualified woman because he was too busy to attend to her.

The baby was born without proper attention, and died.

The coroner was satisfied that the midwife did her best. But there is another point involved.

What is needed

Why should a hospital simply refuse her admission without sending her to

another hospital which might be expected to offer her accommodation?

Better still, why not a clearing-house for such a purpose—where ambulance men and doctors could be instantly told which institutions have beds vacant?

As there are clearing-houses for cheques and railway tickets, there might at least be one for human lives.

Thirteen years' ordeal

An extraordinary example of fortitude has been revealed at Neath county court. Tudor Watkins, a miner, claimed compensation for a fracture of the spine he received thirteen years ago.

He had continued to work until quite recently, when he had to enter hospital! We admire his courage but don't commend his example.

Neglecting the films

Education big-wigs are so apt to criticise the trend of films that one imagines they are doing their best to encourage the making of instructional pictures.

Yet only one British school in 500 is equipped with a film projector.

At least our schools used to have magic lanterns—until an invention of great educational promise came along. Then we decided that we couldn't afford to avail ourselves of it.

So other countries are leaving us far behind.

Land and money

A new land ramp is coming. During the last few years agents have executed commissions to buy more than £15,000,000 worth of landed property.

The people who have put this money in land are those who have made it in the city and have now transferred it to what they consider will be the next gold mine.

Big profits coming

They think they will be able to sell the land at a big profit because: The Government's projected road schemes will necessitate big land purchases. Thousands of acres will be acquired by councils for new housing estates. Agricultural subsidies will make farm land more valuable.

And, because the Government loves landlords, there is no Land Values Tax.

Non-stop trams

We are not impressed by the proposal that trams should run non-stop on main London routes.

It might reduce traffic congestion a little, but the boarding of a tram some distance from the pavement would continue to be a dangerous adventure.

Better scrap the trams entirely, as we have been urging for many years. An excellent start has been made with the substitution of trolley-buses; but they would prove even better in Central London than the suburbs.

Innocents' massacre

Talking of road dangers, we are particularly worried by the growing massacre of the innocents.

Five hundred more young children have been killed this year—twenty-seven of them because they were too small for drivers to see they were starting away, wheels when the cars were very small.

Maybe you can't blame very small children for taking risks. But their parents can hardly be held guiltless.

Making sure

Certain tipsters we know make sure that some of their tips are likely to be successful. Various readers have sent us letters received from Gordon Rowlands, of Hampshire—each letter tipping a different horse for the same race!

Jack Cavendish, of Havant, seems to be following the same dodge. They may find it profitable, but we doubt if it will commend itself to our readers.

The Fragment Minute.

AT DAWN

"THERE'S a budding morrow in mid-night," so fold your griefs away and wait for the bud to open, a fragrant and fair new day. Wait for the bud to open, cease to worry and grope, "there's a budding morrow in midnight," its name is *The Dawn of Hope*.

"There's a budding morrow in midnight," so cast your sorrow aside, and wait for the bud to open its velvet petals wide. What though you're steeped in sorrow and dark is the midnight hour, there's a bud that we call *To-morrow*, a fragrant and beautiful flower.

"There's a budding morrow in midnight," and this be truer than rhyme, there's a mighty gifted gardener, and the name of the man is *Time*! And he takes the budding morrow out of the night's despair, and makes joy grow and blossom where once was an arid care.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor. JOHN BULL.

CLOTHES OF SHAME

ANY woman who is compelled to wear obviously out-of-date clothes suffers a continual agony of humiliation. Yet most of the thousands of women and girls who are "cared for by the State" are treated in this respect with a callous indifference which is hard to believe.

It was recently announced that women patients in London mental hospitals are to have more fashionable clothing to replace the present designs which were last reviewed in 1926.

They are lucky. For if you peeped behind the doors of the majority of asylums, orphanages and workhouses throughout the country, you would see a truly amazing spectacle of official brutality and stupidity in this matter of clothes.

I visited the women's section of a workhouse in the Midlands not long ago. The inmates were wearing clothes made of jean—a strong, hard kind of drill. The dresses were so long that they covered the ankles, and the sleeves reached the wrists. Like thick nightgowns, they seemed to me. These dresses were of a blatantly vivid colour—pink and blue stripes, one inch wide.

One of the officials told me naively that cotton garments during the hot weather were out of the question, because they would necessitate so much more laundering!

☆ ☆ ☆

At most workhouses there is practically no fitting of clothes to suit the individual. Most of the garments are of huge proportions, and consequently fit very loosely.

Recently I measured one of a consignment of dresses being made at a London factory for a Yorkshire workhouse. It was 60 inches round the bust, 80 inches round the hips, and 50 inches long—more suitable for the big fat lady at a fair.

Gradual improvement is taking place at a few workhouses where the authorities are more considerate. Since the present L.C.C. officers came into power a year ago, for instance, drastic changes have been made in workhouse costume in the Metropolitan area. Generally speaking, inmates of L.C.C. workhouses now cannot be distinguished from ordinary citizens.

In the majority of mental hospitals scattered all over the country—which house about 150,000 unfortunate people—an equally lamentable state of affairs exists. The men usually wear archaic suits with short lapels, and narrow trousers with no turn-up.

Depressingly attired in the usual "official" clothes, the women's skirts invariably reach almost to the ground. Nobody, of course, can see their stockings. But I can reveal that they are mostly of the black woollen variety.

Sad-faced children can still be seen parading for exercise outside orphanages and homes, particularly private institutions, in old-fashioned sailor suits and sailor hats. At some places these helpless girls are obliged to wear long cloaks, often of a glaring colour, which reach nearly to the ground. They are thus advertised to all who see them as a community apart.

☆ ☆ ☆

Have you never stopped to watch—and pity—a long line of laughterless orphans wearing large black and white straw hats of the type that was out of fashion thirty years ago?

But if the needless suffering harshly inflicted upon these parentless girls is deplorable, as it is, surely it is dwarfed by the heartrending indignities the girls endure when first they leave the institution at the age of sixteen. Most of them become domestic servants, for they are

The Scandal of Institution Dress

seldom accorded any opportunity to qualify for other occupations.

Branded! Bitter complaints are made by most of the girls that by their preposterous clothing alone they are cruelly marked out as "Poor Law Girls."

Here is an extract from a letter I received recently from a woman living at Luton: "My servant, sent to me from a residential school, is forced to wear thick, black stockings, heavy boots, and coats so old-fashioned that my other servants will not go out with her. I found the girl weeping in her bedroom on her half-day. It appears that she had got herself into hopeless debt with a tallyman because she couldn't bear the other servants laughing at her ludicrous clothes. I settled the debt and bought her some respectable garments. But the stigma and psychological torture, I am afraid, still rankles in her heart."

Some of the societies who help to place these girls in suitable domestic service only recently have begun to equip them with one pair of coloured stockings. In many provincial institutions the regulation outfit to-day is a pair of black cotton stockings.

Girls are actually being sent out to domestic service from some orphanages wearing high-laced boots. Modern shoes obviously would be cheaper

by
Bernard Sullivan

*London Secretary, National Union
of Tailors and Garment Workers*

than boots of obsolete pattern, and would save the unhappy girls untold ridicule and indignity.

But who cares?

A servant in a boarding-house at Cleveleys, near Blackpool, wrote to me some time ago: "... luckily I have a decent girl friend in the house who lends me some of her underclothing when I go out. You can't put on a dance frock over the undies they gave us at — Home. Sometimes I feel like an escaped convict. But, after all, my only offence is that I happen to have no father or mother."

Without elaborating on a delicate subject, I should intimate that if the external clothes of these poor orphans are ridiculous, their underclothes are a positive disgrace.

Compelled to wear thick, old-style chemises with long sleeves, the girls must cut off the sleeves before they can wear a modern blouse. Instead of the light knickers now worn universally most "institution girls" are still condemned to



The drab clothing that is seen behind the doors of many institutions would rend the hearts of the majority of women

wear thick, heavy woollen bloomers. Their night-clothes are thick, high-necked garments, with long sleeves.

There are certain institutions to which I will cheerfully admit these criticisms do not apply. Miss Lillian Barker, who is one of our most enlightened Prison Commissioners, conducted me round the sewing-room at the Borstal Girls' Institution at Aylesbury, during the time she was the Governor there.

I saw the girls preparing their dresses for leaving and noticed they were given full liberty to make most of their outer and under garments in modern styles. These Borstal girls go out to a new life bearing with them no outward and visible stigma of their past mistakes.

☆ ☆ ☆

Why, then, are obsolete clothes continued from year to year in other institutions?

No one seems to have realised that there is a tremendous wastage of valuable material in these old-fashioned clothes. If shorter, sleeveless garments of up-to-date design were substituted, in most cases there would be a substantial saving to the ratepayers who ultimately foot the bill.

The remedy for this wicked state of affairs is simple.

Hold a mannequin parade to show all the clothing now current in the public institutions throughout the country, similar to that which Mr. Herbert Morrison arranged at the recent L.C.C. Jubilee Exhibition. It is safe to say that ordinary citizens would be shocked by the grim fashion secrets which would thus be disclosed.

It seems strange to me that among our charming feminine Members of Parliament, apparently not one has yet considered the feelings in this question of dress of her many thousands of sisters who are "cared for by the State." It needs but two or three go-ahead women to take up this matter and thoroughly investigate these dark institution practices.

If they boldly tore away the secrecy surrounding this hidden scandal, I am convinced the British public would not tolerate this shameful ineptitude any longer.

Heaven knows, it is tragic enough for any girl or woman to be in any of our orphanages, workhouses or asylums. Is it not a thousand times worse if callous officialdom adds unnecessarily to the misery already within their walls?

The HOODOO



The arrest and imprisonment of Leopold Harris, the fire-raising chief, has been followed...

THERE appeared in some of the newspapers recently a brief paragraph to the effect that a woman named Ada Drake had died after a long and painful illness in a London nursing home.

To the general public the announcement conveyed very little—yet, as a matter of fact, this young woman's death was the latest link in a tragic chain that has been in process of forging since the day when Leopold Harris, the notorious principal in the great Fire-Raising Conspiracy, was laid by the heels in the early days of 1933.

Since those days a malign fate seems to have dogged all sorts of people—men and women—who were connected with the case, some in a major and some in a minor degree. It is as though they came under the grim influence of a Hoodoo—the Hoodoo of Leopold Harris—that has brought ruin and death upon those who came in contact with it.

Police officers, furriers, textile merchants, typists, and even servants have all felt the force of this uncanny influence since Leopold Harris went to

serve his long term of penal servitude in Maidstone Jail.

The trail of death is really one of the most extraordinary sequels to a great crime ever recorded.

Ada Drake, the latest of the victims of this Hoodoo, was, prior to the trial of Leopold Harris, secretary to Adam Loughborough Ball, a well-known London assessor who—though many people still have implicit faith in his innocence—was sentenced to three years' penal servitude with Harris.

During the trial it was alleged that secret payments had been made to Ada Drake while she was Ball's secretary, a fact which she strenuously denied. At the Old Bailey she presented a pitiful figure, looking ill and worn; and she asserted that she had been nearly driven mad through the unjust accusations made against her.

Since that day she steadily declined in health and recently passed away, still a comparatively young woman.

So the Hoodoo of Leopold Harris goes on... with a growing number of deaths, suicides, financial disasters and illnesses.

In the summer of last year the Governor of Maidstone Prison sent for two prisoners.

One was Leopold Harris himself, the other his brother, David. The Governor saw them separately. He used the same words to both of them before they were led back to their cells:

"I have bad news for you," he said. "Your father died to-day."

It was true that the latter was getting on in years; but until the tragedy caused by his sons' frauds came about, and brought down with it the great reputation of the firm the father had founded years before, he was a happy man. He fretted from the time of his sons' arrest until his death. It is known that the strain put upon him by the case, and his grief at some of the occurrences which followed it, considerably hastened his end. Another Hoodoo victim.

Not long ago a man named William Trevor Bruce, a fire assessor, who had formerly acted as manager of a branch of Leopold Harris's business, was admitted to the Hackney Hospital, London, E., in a dying state. He had been taken there from his home, where he had been found lying in bed suffering from the effects of internal poisoning.

Dismissed

Under his pillow was found a brown packet containing cyanide of potassium. At the time of the fire-raising trial Bruce was not in Leopold Harris's employ and had not been for several years. It was clear beyond doubt that Bruce could not possibly have had anything to do with the events which led up to the Old Bailey proceedings.

But it was alleged in court that while he was in Harris's service he once told Captain Miles, the then chief of the Salvage Corps—who, as everybody knows, was in due course himself sent to penal servitude for his implication in the Fire

Plot—that Harris was a man not to be trusted. Apparently Miles then warned Harris against Bruce, who was peremptorily dismissed.

Bruce opened offices on his own account as an assessor in Bedford Street, Strand, London, and did extremely well for a time. Then, when the Harris proceedings developed, the name of poor Bruce was mentioned in court. The effect of this injured his position in the City, and Bruce began to find it difficult to obtain business.

Meant his ruin

His former connection with the notorious "Fire-Raising Chief"—innocent though it was—meant his ruin now. Slowly but surely the Hoodoo of Leopold Harris enveloped him on every hand. As time went on he met black clouds everywhere. His financial position grew worse, and he even got into arrears with his office furniture, which was obtained on a hire-purchase account.

He went to friends who well respected him and raised money in an attempt to carry on. But it was all of no avail.

In the end he deserted the office of Bruce and Company, which remained locked and silent for several weeks. Bills for electric light, gas and telephone were outstanding against him. And, in the room in which he took poison, a summons was found calling upon him to attend a civil court in respect of a judgment debt against him.

An inquest, of course, had to be held into the cause of death, and at this a verdict of "Suicide" was returned. Mr. Donald Bruce, a son, told the coroner: "My father could not fight against Leopold Harris's reputation."

A short time back a small London merchant died after an enquiry had been started into a fire which occurred at an East End store. He was the proprietor of it, and Harris and Company acted as assessors for him. A settlement was arrived at, and he duly received his share of the proceeds.

It beat him

This man forgot all about Harris and Company until the arrest of Leopold Harris. Then, gradually, this strange Hoodoo fell upon him. He became subject to all kinds of terrors and fears, and it became an obsession with him to watch the progress of all police enquiries that were made into the affairs of the Fire-Raiser King after he had been jailed.

His finances became involved, his nerves became shattered, and, in the end, he died from the shock and worry of his experience.

The death of a company director whose affairs have for some time been the subject of investigation by solicitors acting for insurance companies and by police officers has been put down by many to the Hoodoo of Leopold Harris. From the first day of the Harris arrests this man's demeanour underwent a change, and he lost much of his jovial personality.

Within a few months of Harris's incarceration in prison the news was made public that the director had died "mysteriously."

A man named Lewinstein appeared in the bankruptcy courts. He had lost everything he possessed. Since his connection in business with Leopold Harris he met with nothing but failure. He is just one of many men whose busi-

nesses have failed since the Harris case started.

In fact, recently before the Registrar in Bankruptcy, this man stated openly that he had been the innocent tool of Leopold Harris.

A few months ago a labourer, hurrying to his work along a lane at Hollingwood, near Bradford, was horrified to see the body of a man hanging from a beam in an outhouse. Enquiries revealed that the dead man was Thomas Warrenner, who had been greatly worried for some time over the fact that a police officer had questioned him about his connection with a fire which occurred in the vicinity and with which Leopold Harris was associated.

Warrenner had become a changed man after he had attended a certain police station on several occasions about enquiries being made into the Harris frauds, and it was shown at the inquest on him that he had been driven to suicide by worry.

Again the mysterious Hoodoo of Leopold Harris seems to have been at work.

Superintendent Yandell, the Scotland Yard detective who did so much to bring the fire-raising miscreants to book, found it necessary to call during his earlier investigations upon a well-respected Manchester business man named Ernest Satterthwaite.

Excuses

Yandell asked Satterthwaite questions about certain books and ledger entries, and said he would like an explanation of some of the figures therein. The suggestion was really that Satterthwaite had received bribes from Leopold Harris for services rendered in some of his tricky transactions.

Satterthwaite made excuses, and Yandell intimated that he might be required to give evidence in certain court proceedings being contemplated in London. The Manchester business man held a great reputation in the locality, and subsequent events proved that his connection with Leopold Harris had been very slight.

But the day following Yandell's visit to him Satterthwaite was found dead in his garage. He was unconscious when discovered, and evidently had locked himself in, put the engine on and been asphyxiated by the fumes.

The tragedies which have occurred under the Leopold Harris Hoodoo go on and on. Another relates to a fire in Manchester, in which Harris alleged that £12,000 worth of stock had been destroyed. Enquiries afterwards showed that most of this "stock" was rubbish which came from firms in London run by a Harold Edward Gilbert.

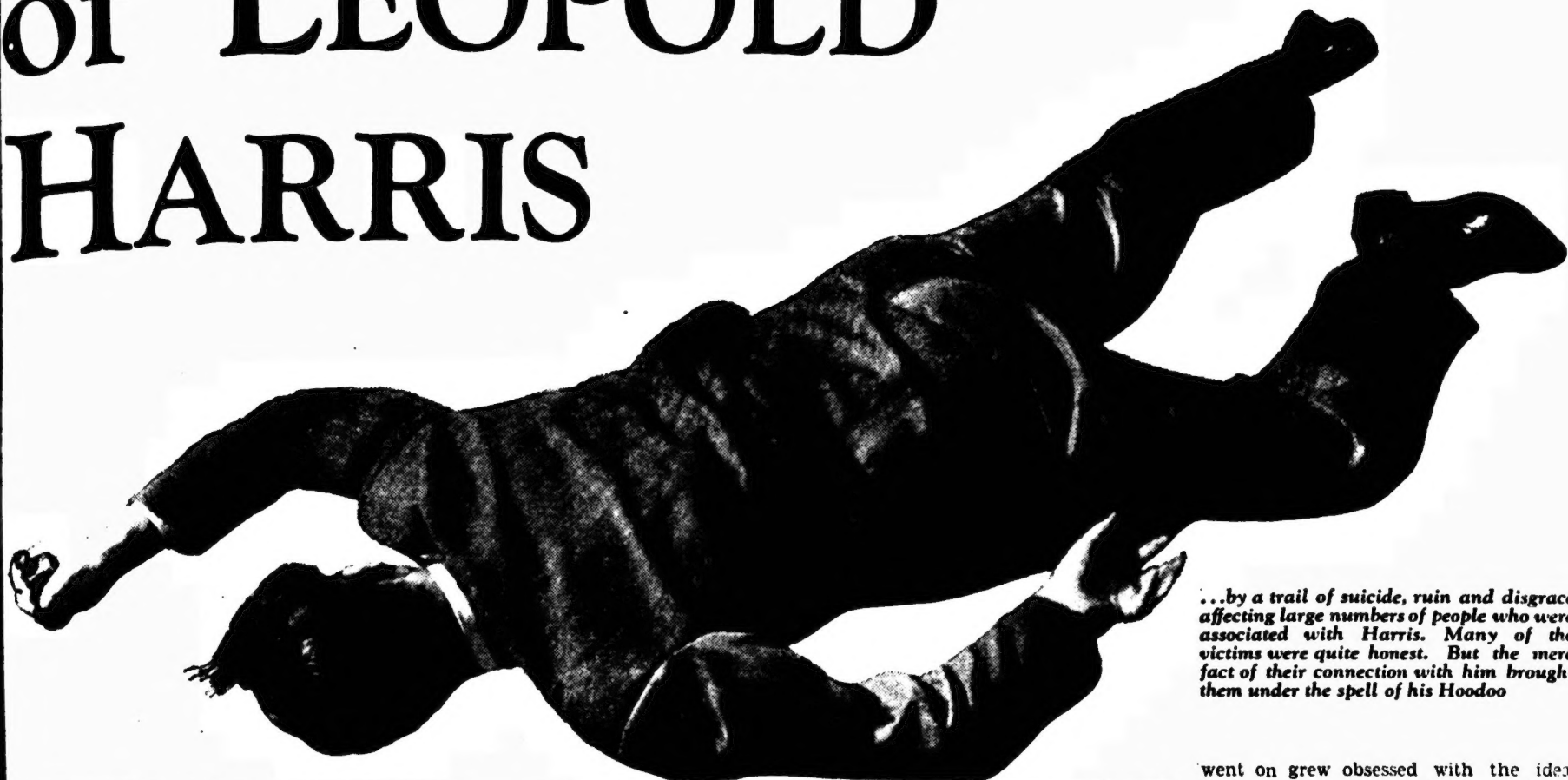
Living in fear

Gilbert was fated to be another of the victims of the Hoodoo. His mutilated body was found on the rails under a railway tunnel.

About the same time another man of the same surname disappeared as though the earth had opened and suddenly engulfed him. He has never been heard of since—except that his name has been mentioned in certain proceedings in which Leopold Harris has figured.

Some of the victims of the Hoodoo are still prosperous men. One is of alien origin whose affairs have constantly come under the notice of the police. He is a well-known figure in racing and gaming circles, and enriched himself very considerably some years ago.

of LEOPOLD HARRIS



...by a trail of suicide, ruin and disgrace affecting large numbers of people who were associated with Harris. Many of the victims were quite honest. But the mere fact of their connection with him brought them under the spell of his Hoodoo

through two big fires which took place in London and a large provincial town. Although a man of strong personality, maintaining several establishments, and entertaining freely, this man has—since the arrest and conviction of Henry Josephs and Frederick Richards (who stood their trial at the Old Bailey only a few months ago)—aged considerably.

He has every reason for fear; he knows that Leopold Harris from jail supplied the information which sent Captain Miles of the Salvage Corps, Richards and Josephs to their doom. He may well wonder if his turn has yet to come!

Then there are two men, well known in the Midlands and in Scotland, who have been tremendously worried since the time the reminiscences of Leopold Harris were published, and in which he intimated that it was his intention to bring down other men who were as guilty as he was himself of "Fire Raising" schemes.

Outlook changed

Both these men are also of alien parentage, and have likewise been mixed up with several highly suspicious company deals in which mysterious fires have featured. At one time they were closely connected with a claim for insurance which was not proceeded with, and their operations have also attracted official attention more than once.

Under the Hoodoo of Leopold Harris both have changed their complete outlook on life, have severed all connection with business and gone separately into retirement—waiting and wondering, as so many others have done.

One ex-associate of Leopold Harris is an elderly man living in a charming country mansion. He was in many big deals with Harris. The anxiety of the Harris case has had such effect upon him that he has continual brain-storms and goes about for periods in a half-demented state. On these occasions he is fully under the impression that every one with whom he comes into touch is spying upon him.

There is living in luxury a man who, following many callings, is believed to be worth a quarter of a million pounds.

He would rather be without this fortune to-day.

For he knows what Harris knows about him; and he knows how anxious the police have been for years to bring him to account. He has used his various seemingly reputable "callings" as mere guises for more exclusive operations, which mostly had their foundation in big arsonist schemes.

He became what one might quite easily call a professional "arsonist financier."

With the aid of several confederates he started off by firing a clothing warehouse which, as an initial attempt, brought him in several thousands of pounds. From that time he never looked back—until the scare of the "Harris Gang" prosecutions frightened him into less dangerous spheres of activity.

He may well dread the Hoodoo of Leopold Harris.

For after the first fire he took into his confidence four or five willing hirelings, one of whom is a smart but unscrupulous accountant and another a crooked surveyor. The work of the former was to fabricate books and invoices, while the latter was entrusted with the task of touring the country to find premises

which would be most suitable for fire-raising.

A third hireling was told off to buy up from salvage and bankrupt stocks all kinds of cheap articles which would burn easily. These were "stocked" into the specially selected premises and, after a few months' "trading"—which was "covered" by the fabricated accounts and invoices—a pre-arranged fire occurred.

Strange fate

This happened time and again, with "Harris and Company" acting as assessors. The promoter since the Harris trial has kept very low, and is in constant fear that Nemesis must at last overtake him. In any event, the Hoodoo certainly has!

Several men have lost their jobs as a result of this great series of commercial frauds and tragedies.

One important police officer, holding a high rank in the Service, died in mysterious circumstances while the "Harris Gang" inquiries were at their height.

He was perfectly innocent, but as time

went on grew obsessed with the idea that groundless accusations were being made against him—another victim of the mysterious Hoodoo.

Then there was a Government servant who could have stayed on for many years more had he wished, but retired after he had been questioned about persistent statements made by Harris in prison to the effect that years ago he had received bribes for showing him favours. The worry of the weeks which passed while he was under suspicion was too much for the official concerned, and he left the service to which he was attached—blameless, but with the strange Hoodoo of Leopold Harris about him.

A wealthy man, who until recently controlled several different businesses in London and the provinces, and who has been the subject of considerable police attention during the past eighteen months, is another victim of this strange fate that dogs those connected with Leopold Harris.

Every time there is a rumour of further arrests in the great Fire-Raising Conspiracy he goes either to the South of France or for a long "sea cruise."

And so it goes on—this weird web of death and ruin woven round so many of those who had the misfortune to touch on even the fringe of Leopold Harris's operations.

'Ware this Mystery Man!

AN impudent attempt to exploit the unemployed is being made by an unnamed individual who is operating from an address at Oxford House, Falcon Square, London, E.C.

In response to replies to advertisements offering a remunerative employment proposition, applicants receive a printed circular letter signed "The Advertiser," but giving no name.

* * *

This mystery man states that he has discovered a trading idea based on the sale of fiction literature, and so great was the success of this idea that, starting with a few shillings only, he "earned enough to live in the first week."

What happened in the next week is not told, but "The Advertiser" men-

tions casually that he has now "advanced to my third business after a few years' work, which proves the soundness of my scheme."

In spite of his success he has decided to welcome newcomers into the work "as making it a popular business in the public mind"—whatever that may mean.

* * *

Eventually he gets to the point. To commercialise the idea he is prepared to sell his marvellous idea for the paltry sum of fifteen shillings!

In return the applicant will receive the scheme in full detail giving sound and faithful instructions.

For the modest sum mentioned this anonymous individual who hides behind the title of "The Advertiser," is pre-

pared to show anybody how they can build their own business!

* * *

No previous experience is necessary, and the business can be created "almost without capital."

This clever person who boasts that he has advanced to his third business does not impress us at all. If his scheme is such a surefire money-maker, why, in the name of common-sense, should he want to sell it to all and sundry for fifteen shillings?

Any advertiser who seems unwilling to disclose his identity until the sum mentioned has been paid should be ignored. Those who send him fifteen shillings for his pig-in-a-poke scheme are not likely to make a success of any business.

JOHN BULL'S Open Letter to Francis Bolton



WIRELESS FANS

All

ENVY YOU

MY DEAR FRANCIS,—You are the man of the moment to millions of broadcasting fans throughout the land. How they are envying you your roving commission in the highways and byways of the entertainment world spotting talent for the B.B.C., a new post that represents the corporation's latest effort to improve the programmes. Better broadcasting? All the fans know the solution. I dare say you've heard them yourself.

A chance for that nice-looking boy with the dreamy eyes who sings on the pier. Then there's that recitationist whose hands talk poetry. And the way the B.B.C. has blinded itself to the claims of that comedian who created a furore at the Colisadium last week must be deliberate.

"I have a young cousin myself. You'd laugh your head off at him."

Half the people who think they could

turn Broadcasting House's mail into a perpetual torrent of adulation talk like that.

Quite nice, well-meaning people, but what they don't know is that if they had been compelled to listen to those artists blindfold—and wireless listeners are blindfold to all intents and purposes—they would have wanted to run away home and take refuge from it.

They would have realised that that handsome baritone couldn't get his notes properly, that the elocutionist was boring to the extreme limit, that the funny man was merely using facial expression to make age-old jokes, badly told, seem sparklingly new.

They don't know that only four artists in a hundred have good microphone voices, and that one of those four will be rendered ineligible by "mike nerves" and another by lack of a "mike personality."

* * *

If when these two survivors are tested one can give good entertainment without the advantageous aids of limelight, gestures, tricks of the features and so on, the B.B.C. will count it a successful audition!

No, what ninety-nine people in a hundred forget is that broadcasting is a new art. So is screen acting—and because British film companies took years to realise it—it was pathetic the way they thought stage stars only needed transposing to studios to become film stars ready-made!—millions of money

that should have stayed in this country went into the coffers of Hollywood, where they had made no such mistake.

I am afraid we have never dug very deep for merit. It has been one of our national failings, as you must know as well as any man. A friend of yours was telling me all about it only the other day. . . .

You yourself always wanted to make a position for yourself in the theatrical industry and—because nobody spotted you!—went into the Mounted Police in South Africa instead. Your eyes were on the burning veldt, but your heart was away in some London theatre.

In the war you served with distinction in the Royal Air Force out East, all the time promising yourself that you would realise your theatrical ambitions one day, if Fate—and the enemy!—were kind to you.

But no, there was no such job available for you when peace came, although you had undoubted merit. What good is merit when nobody has eyes to spot it?

You were nearly forty when your real talents were spotted for the first time, not much more than three years ago. They made you manager of the Dominion Theatre in London. Just fancy a man having to go half-way through his life before he gets an opportunity of showing what he's got in him.

Then you went to the Opera House, Manchester, where you drew both the successful artist—and the crowd.

And now the man who was spotted all

too late is himself going spotting. He's going to be all the better for his disappointing personal experience. I am depending on you digging deep!

Well, you were introduced to your office deck for the first time a few days ago. I hope you got away from it within an hour, for you should be in the field by now, searching the minor music halls, cabarets, clubs, cafés and seaside concert-pitches, where hidden talent awaits for the finding.

Where are you carrying your quest? You won't forget Lancashire and the surrounding counties. Remember the late George Formby and Gracie Fields and Jack Hilton, and many scores more like them. They came from there.

Most of them sang or played or fooled in clubs at as low as a shilling a night—and thanked God for the chance!—until somebody who knew good stuff when he saw it—they didn't call them spotters then—chanced to see them.

* * *

There was that greatest genius of all at picking out real talent—the late "Danny" Clarke, who helped a hundred obscure artists to fame and fortune. At the Argyle, Birkenhead, perhaps the most fruitful source of all of "top-liners," he discovered Sir Harry Lauder and the Houston Sisters, to mention only two turns of scores.

There were the discerning managers—there have been all too few of them—who went to humble concert parties and found such treasures as Leslie Henson, the late Gilbert Childs, Bobbie Howes, Leslie Sarony, Clarice Mayne, Morris Harvey, W. H. Berry, Leslie Fuller, and—well, the full list would contain half the names that flash at us in London's West End.

They were found. What of those who never were?

But there are plenty more like them still, awaiting the spotter who never seems to come.

You may have to hear a hundred bad turns before you notice one that is worth a broadcast audition. You may have to hear a thousand before you pick one as a real "discovery."

Anyhow, it's up to you, now, Francis. We're expecting a lot, although not too quickly.

JOHN BULL

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. A. E. REEVE,
Stratford Bench, London

YOUR WORSHIP,—You have provoked a lot of discussion by your dictum: "A motorist who budges an inch to avoid a dog is an utter fool. He does not know what human lives he may endanger."

Well, there have been too many accidents caused by motorists swerving to avoid a dog. And certainly the onus is on the dog-owner to see that his pet is kept under control.

But I prefer to say to drivers: "Never swerve unless you are sure you can do so safely."

JOHN BULL.

LORD WILLIAM CECIL,
Bishop of Exeter

MY LORD,—I am a pessimist," you declare, but you do yourself an injustice.

Any man who thinks we are likely to put the inmates of casual wards into uniform and drill them ready for war—to quote only one of your suggestions—must be a supreme optimist.

JOHN BULL.

Miss MABEL HOLMES,
Eltham, S.E.

DEAR MADAM,—For twenty-five years you prepared the meals of Mr. A. W. Raberg. Now you are to receive £25,000 under the terms of his will.

I have often heard it said that a man's best friend is his cook. I welcome the proof that a cook's best friend may be the man she cooks for.

JOHN BULL.

DUCHESS OF PORTLAND,
Welbeck Abbey, Notts

DEAR DUCHESS,—I can well believe that the D.B.E. recently conferred upon you

is a distinction you value above all others. For it follows a petition to the King from the Nottingham miners, to whose welfare you have given so many proofs of your devotion.

Even those who frown upon titles on the ground that they intensify class barriers must admit that, for once at any rate, their objections lack justification.

JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Edinburgh

GENTLEMEN,—Is it safe?" asked one of your officials when examining a tenement building. Before his colleague could reply the end wall collapsed, rendering eight families homeless.

Do you wonder now why I have frequently drawn attention to the rotten housing in Edinburgh and other Scottish cities?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. C. MILLARD,
M.O.H. for Leicester

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am afraid that Love, which laughs at locksmiths, will also laugh at your suggestion that engaged couples should exchange health certificates as well as marriage vows.

Matrimony would be robbed of its few remaining romantic illusions were it to be reduced to the terms of a medical formula.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor EMMETT,
Lyme Regis, Dorset

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Perhaps you fear that the old monks who put Lyme on the map may be stirring uneasily in their forgotten tomos. Anyhow, you want the

council to do something "about the dress of the people walking about the town."

But every seaside resort this year is showing more bare backs and limbs than when our forefathers wore little more than woad.

You will find it hard to change the fashion.

JOHN BULL.

Sir SAMUEL BRIGHOUSE,
South-East Lancashire Coroner

DEAR SIR SAMUEL,—Your criticism of "death hunters" will have one good result. Manchester Law Society is to take stronger measures against the touts who pester accident victims or the bereaved to lay claims for damages.

But the trouble is not confined to your area. As I have often urged, these ghoulies should be barred everywhere.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I hope you are investigating reports from the North that conditions are daily getting more unhealthy in many spinning-mills and that operatives who complain find themselves "displaced."

Don't let us fight Japanese competition with Japanese methods.

JOHN BULL.

Principal W. JONES,
Technical College, Blackpool

DEAR PRINCIPAL,—I've said it, and now you've said it too. "The stranglehold of the examination system impedes the work of fitting pupils for the workshop of life."

Yes, in these times education should be practical in every sense of the word.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. S. HUDSON,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR MR. HUDSON,—Times without number I have condemned your department's dilatory methods. Now a Gloucestershire jury has rebuked it for delay in dealing with a case of a shell-shocked pensioner who committed suicide in desperation.

Of course, you cannot bring the poor fellow back to life. But you might try, as their new chief, to awaken your slackers.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN JACKSON,
Scarborough Town Council

DEAR SIR,—You describe a conference you attended in another town as a "waste of time, a waste of money, and a perfect joy-ride."

Yet the council which sent you had endeavoured to persuade the delegates, without success, to make Scarborough their next meeting-place.

If you were as candid with the conference as you were with the council I am not surprised that the invitation was declined.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM EASTOE,
Worham, Norfolk

EASTOE,—With a man named Robert Lawrence, you have been fined for carrying initials on a tree in the King's grounds at Sandringham.

That was something more than a petty-minded prank. It was a typical example of that vandalism which is provoking landlords to close their estates to the public.

In other words, people like you and Lawrence are public enemies.

JOHN BULL.



What is this Kenya Colony warrior thinking of the white man's threat to Abyssinia? The answer is pregnant with dread possibilities for all Africa

The BLACK MAN THINKS

by A. G. Gardiner

NOT since those unforgettable days of July, 1914, has the world been in such peril as it is to-day. It is on the brink of a war as incalculable as that which set Europe in flames then, and it seems as helpless to avert the disaster as it was then.

Why is this? On the face of it, nothing should be easier than to stop this crime. Mussolini is not merely preparing to make war on Abyssinia. He is preparing to make war on civilisation. He is defying the League of Nations. He is flouting the public opinion of the world. He is tearing up every solemn treaty to which Italy has put her hand—the Tripartite treaty of 1906, the Covenant of the League, the Kellogg Pact.

He stands literally alone in this gigantic act of brigandage. Britain is against him. France is against him. Russia is against him. Even Japan—humorously enough, for it is Japan whose example in Manchuria he is following—is against him.

FROM all parts of the world comes a passionate protest against the war on which he is embarking.

Roosevelt has forbidden the New York bankers to lend him money for his criminal design. From South Africa comes the voice of General Smuts imploring Britain and France to prevent a calamity that will reverberate through the whole African continent.

For in making war on the independence of the last self-governing black race Mussolini is fanning into flames the tremendous white and black issue which is the nightmare of African statesmanship.

There is not a white community in Africa which is not menaced by this reckless attack on the last stronghold of the black races. Whether it succeeds or fails it will be equally ominous.

It will inflame the whole of Black Africa with resentment against the white races in the one case. It will inflame the white races in the other.

No wonder General Smuts trembles for the future of Africa and appeals to Europe to save that continent as well as itself from the convulsion with which Mussolini threatens it.

If this overwhelming consensus of world opinion could be mobilised and brought into action Mussolini would come to his senses in a day. He would be denounced as the World's Public Enemy No. 1 and cut off from civilised society.

Italy would be put into economic quarantine. No ships would visit her ports. No materials of war would be allowed to be exported to her from any country. The Suez Canal would be closed to her. The banks of the world would be shut against her. She would be morally and materially frozen out—starved into surrender.

But what is, in fact, happening? While the world, which Mussolini flouts and defies, is unanimous in its condemnation of his crime, it is aiding and abetting him in the perpetration of that crime.

It is selling him ships to carry his brigands to their quarry. It is selling him coal with which to drive those ships. It is selling him all the material of war, cotton, rubber, clothing, medicaments, everything from manganese to lemons.

And while the world feeds and arms

the bully that insults it, it piously refuses to send arms to the bully's practically unarmed victim. We may send Welsh coal to drive the bully's ships, but we must not send aeroplanes to give the victim a fighting chance of defending himself against the aggressor whom we denounce.

That is the shameful situation. In the presence of it the white civilisation stands condemned of a hideous hypocrisy and of a betrayal of elementary justice without parallel in history.

I do not think anyone concerned for the honour of the white races can read the Emperor of Abyssinia's last appeal to Europe without shame and anger.

Nor can we read it without gloomy forebodings of the future of what is, after all, the Black Continent. What trust can the black man henceforth have in the white man—in his sense of honour, his sense of justice, even in his sanity?

And in that loss of faith, it is this country which will suffer most. For this country is pre-eminent in Africa, and confidence in its justice to the native races is the greatest guarantee of the peaceful development of the Black Continent.

It is difficult to acquit Britain of a large measure of responsibility for the impending catastrophe. If there had been a Gladstone or a Palmerston to mobilise and electrify world opinion during the past six months, Mussolini would not have dared to embark on this adventure.

WE have even since the war abdicated that disinterested and detached leadership of European opinion which belongs to us by our geographical position and our world affiliation, and the breakdown of the League of Nations is mainly due to that fact.

And from that breakdown all the mischief has come. Japan was the first to realise that there was no European solidarity to fear, and that the white civilisation was in disruption. She defied the League and began, perhaps, the biggest programme of conquest in history. Germany followed suit, with her ambitions set on the recovery of her predominance in Europe. And again the League failed to preserve European solidarity. Encouraged by these successes

of the two other great Powers in repudiating the League, Mussolini, pressed by the desperate condition of affairs at home, conceived the idea of a spectacular triumph in Africa.

Hence the trumped-up case against Abyssinia—a case so shadowy that he has steadily refused to state it to the world. And once more the League lacked the courage to take the bull by the horns, and left Mussolini, unhindered and unchallenged, to plunge to the brink of a war which, as General Smuts says, may shatter the foundations of civilisation.

And now the eleventh hour has come. The rainy season is over in Abyssinia and any day Mussolini may launch his thunderbolt. If his hand is to be stayed, it must be stayed now.

As I write, Mr. Eden and M. Laval, representing Italy's co-signatories in the Treaty of 1906, which provided for the independence of Abyssinia, are engaged with Baron Aloisi, of Italy, in the last desperate search for a means of averting the war.

IT is not a promising quest, for Mussolini has committed himself so flatly to the conquest of Abyssinia that anything less would be a defeat for him that would destroy his prestige in Italy.

But till the first shot is fired, we must not abandon hope that a formula of peace will be found which will save Abyssinia without humiliating Mussolini. A League "protectorate" for Abyssinia is the ideal solution, but can we hope that Mussolini will accept it or anything like it?

If the conversations fail, then the last word is with the Council of the League summoned for ten days hence. And even at this late hour, a bold front at Geneva may save the day. If Britain and France will go there with the will to stop the war, with the determination to mobilise European opinion against it and with the declared intention to enforce the powers of the League under the Covenant, I believe they can still compel Mussolini to hold his hand.

And in doing that they will not only avert the war; they will rehabilitate the League and save the cause of "collective peace."

Give Us Songs to Sing-O

IF you want to sing a song,
You will certainly be wrong
If you sing the songs you like;
For Dr. Thomas Wood
Will condemn them as no good
And a painful posture strike!

You're a vandal if you sing
Of the roses red that cling
Round the dear old cottage door;
And if mother is your theme,
Dr. Wood, so it would seem,
Will dislike you even more!

Do not work your vocal glands
Singing of the desert sands.
Or the patience you may tax
Of our cultivated Doc.,
Who may go right "off his block"
And get busy with an axe!

Dr. Thomas Wood, who once upon a time was director of music at Tonbridge School, has been making a song about the songs we sing-o, to an accompaniment of polite "Haw, haws" at Oxford.

It pains him that, "despite all the musical training of to-day," there are still people who like "sloppy songs." He is equally scornful of roses, old-fashioned

mothers, and "songs about the sands of the desert by people who have never been further east than Southend pier."

Which last observation suggests that nobody is entitled to sing us songs of Araby unless he has personally investigated the sands and smells thereof. Yet no native Wood-notes wild have been directed against Puccini, who wrote a grand opera about the Wild West without ever getting nearer to it than the great open spaces of Rome.

Many people who are not enamoured of vocalists who warble about loving some girl until the stars grow co-hold are even less sympathetic towards the crotchets and quavers of the critics who snort against them.

If, as some of our social censors assert, it is deplorable to be content to watch games instead of playing them, it may be argued that it is equally deplorable to listen to songs instead of singing them.

But if we are to sing songs they will have to be the sort of songs we can sing, and these, apparently, are almost invariably of a kind that give musical experts enlargement of the uvula.

If these haughty musicians are so anxious to turn us into a nation of vocalists they should set to work to supply

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

songs suitable for singing in the bath. At present their compositions too often make the average soap-swallowing vocalist feel that, instead of singing, he would be better employed masticating his loafah.

Though old-fashioned mothers are doubtless old-fashioned,
And sands of the desert taboo,
And Indian love songs are now too impassioned

For those who in drawing-rooms woo,
We're patiently waiting for present-day scoffers

To give us some songs of their own
With which we can fill out our lungs and their coiffers—

But somehow they leave us alone.

The highbrow musician prefers to make music

The cult of his own little clan,
And only such songs as make me sick and you sick

Are such as conform to their plan,
To bathroom performers, whose morning hosannas

The nerves of these experts so jar.
They say (in effect), "Yes, we have no bananas—

But spinach is better by far!"

The BIG Bus Time-Table RAMP

FROM traders and business people in different parts of the country information and complaints have been reaching this office over a long period concerning representatives of a firm of provincial advertising agents.

Without question a number of individuals feel they have been sorely victimised. The dossier against the firm, which we have, is of considerable size, and some of the allegations are of a startling character.

Investigations made by our representatives support those allegations, and we therefore propose to deal fully with the matter. For it is quite obvious that protection should be given the public against blatant advertising impositions. Only by adequate publicity can that objective be attained.

The company in question goes by the name of Pearl, Dean and Pearl, Ltd., and it is described as "Advertising Contractors, Agents, Publishers and Booksellers." The present headquarters are in Edward Terrace, Queen Street, Cardiff.

The authorised capital is £500, and, according to the register at Somerset House, the three directors—Charles Peariman, Robert Dean and Ernest Pearlman—are the only shareholders. Between them they own fifteen £1 shares. There are debentures registered for £2,100.

Lately the chief activity of Pearl, Dean and Pearl, Ltd., has been the publication of abridged motor omnibus time-tables for various districts.

Misrepresentation

In connection with this they have employed canvassers to solicit advertisements from hotels, shops and trade organisations.

It looks quite a legitimate enterprise on the surface, but the methods adopted are of a most reprehensible character.

We have abundant evidence that some of their canvassers use gross misrepresentations in securing orders for advertisements in the different publications.

Of course, the reply to this of Pearl, Dean and Pearl may be that the canvassers are acting without authority in the statements they make.

The contract form itself warns persons who sign it that they are not to accept representations outside the written word. And persons signing it have a primary duty to read its terms.

Be that as it may. Let us deal with a few specific instances:

A little while ago the canvassers of the company were active in and around Maidstone and Chatham. They were—as they said—securing advertisements for a new, free time-table of the Maidstone and District Motor Services, and at the interviews with prospective clients they showed as a kind of "persuasive illustration" the official time-table book of the motor omnibus company.

A number of orders for advertisements were given by business people who signed a form of contract with Pearl, Dean and Pearl under the clear impression that they were giving an advertising order for some kind of official publication.

Inquiries made at the offices of the Maidstone and District Motor Services, Ltd., revealed that the motor company had no knowledge whatever of Pearl, Dean and Pearl, Ltd., Advertising Contractors and Publishers, of Cardiff.

Several traders who had commissioned advertisements, thereupon refused to pay their account to Pearl, Dean and Pearl. Immediately they were served with summonses to appear at the Cardiff County Court. Because of the distance



Honest people should not listen to the overtures of certain canvassers. They should be shown the door

and the expense involved in the journey, the defendants did not appear, and naturally judgment went against them.

Exactly the same kind of complaint reaches us from—among other places—Bedford, Newport, Mon., Bristol, Strood, Bagshot and Aldershot.

All our correspondents independently

make the same allegation—that they were deceived by the canvassers acting for Pearl, Dean and Pearl in an outrageous fashion, and that they were called on to pay considerable sums for advertisements in publications which were of little value to them from a real advertising point of view.

MR. BOGUS "INSPECTOR"

ABOUT three weeks ago a well-built man, looking very much like a retired policeman, and giving the name of Manning, pulled up in his car outside a small general shop, occupied by a widow in a small village in the Coventry district.

He informed her that he was an inspector under the Food and Drugs Act, and that she had been reported by another shopkeeper in the village for selling various drugs without a licence. He pointed out the seriousness of the offence and led the struggling widow, who had just spent her life's savings in buying the little business, to believe that she was in for a pretty stiff fine.

* * *

"There is only one way out as far as I can see," the inspector plausibly assured her after he could see that the widow had taken in his story, "and that is we had better make you our sole agent here for our goods."

The woman, who had had but a few

weeks' experience in business, can readily be excused for not "seeing through" this rogue—many experienced shopkeepers, indeed, have fallen for it. She did not realise that it was queer for a "Food and Drugs Inspector" to be also a representative for a firm which manufactured pills, drugs, hair oil, shaving cream, etc. So she thought it would be a good way out of the difficulty, and gave this "Food and Drugs Inspector" an order for over £3 worth of goods.

* * *

He left a few bottles of hair lotion, some shaving sticks and various other articles that one sometimes sees hanging up on cards in small general shops, and promised that the other goods would arrive in due course, together with a free showcase.

A JOHN BULL representative examined the goods that this widow was persuaded to take, and estimated the value of them at about ten shillings.

They appeared to be of the quality that

The contract is an amazing document. The advertiser agrees to insert in one of the company's publications an advertisement for the period of two years at the price of two shillings a week payable yearly in advance.

Recently the canvassers of Pearl, Dean and Pearl have been operating in the Lake District and securing advertisements for a route map folder, declared—of course, without any authority—to be issued by the Cumberland Motor Services.

The other day there was a sequel to their unpleasant activities, in the Carlisle County Court, before His Honour Judge Allsebrook.

Action was taken by Pearl, Dean and Pearl to recover £10 8s. from the director of a hydro company at Silloth for an advertisement printed in one of their map route folders.

The defence in the case was that the signature to the contract had been secured by misrepresentation. The judge found this allegation proved, and in giving judgment for the defendant, described the folder as worthless and the contract concerned as absurd.

Judge says "Fraud"

In his judgment the learned judge made this scathing statement: "I find that as a matter of fact the defendant was induced to sign this contract by the fraud of the plaintiffs' agent, and I find there will be no damages. My verdict is for the defendant with costs."

Further, His Honour said: "I find, in fact, that this folder has no value as an advertising medium. The fraud in this case was in the agent coming round for and on behalf of the plaintiffs and saying that this was a renewal of an advertisement to be placed in a document being produced for and on behalf of the Cumberland Motor Services when it was nothing of the sort."

According to a witness who gave evidence for the defence, an estimate showed that the profit to Pearl, Dean and Pearl on their precious "map route folder" was no less than 200 per cent.

We should like to think that this Carlisle case would be a lesson to Pearl, Dean and Pearl and induce them to amend the sharp practice of their accredited representative.

They have carried on far too long with their motor omnibus time-table profit-snatching schemes to the detriment of honest traders and advertisers.

This exposure of their discreditable methods will have served its purpose if the canvassers from Pearl, Dean and Pearl are in future promptly shown the door when they make their unsolicited visits to small and hardworking advertisers who can ill-afford to be imposed upon in the manner we have here described.

are advertised for pedlars and market dealers.

The man never stopped to ask the woman's name, and therefore did not put it on the invoice, which was also the receipt, nor did he put a twopenny stamp on it.

When he picked up the money she had paid him he uttered a few more words of assurance and then jumped into his car, and vanished.

A fortnight later, when our representative called to see if the showcase had arrived, the widow said she had neither seen nor heard from the man since she handed over the money.

We do not think she will. For she is a victim of a man with victims in different parts of the country.

* * *

Actually, in several other names, he is wanted for various offences, and is a person well known to the police in connection with past frauds perpetrated with similar audacity in different guises.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Unveils

Seventeen
Gentlemen
of Mystery

ONE of the chief concerns of my department, as most of my readers know only too well, has been to protect the public against the wiles and frauds of share swindlers and bucket-shop proprietors of the type which has latterly leapt once more into prominence.

With the law as it stands to-day, the police, though always on the watch, have to contend with almost insuperable difficulties in trying to bring "outside brokers" of the fraudulent class to book, and in the past—with one or two notable exceptions—all that could be done to curb their activities was to expose them in these columns.

It has pleased me immensely to observe, during the past few weeks, the sudden and lively interest which has been aroused in the Press generally about this subject. For it means that the campaign which JOHN BULL has waged to defeat swindling and dubious share dealers is at last likely to be successfully terminated.

During the past few years millions of pounds have been lost to the investing public through the cruel promises and reprehensible operations of impostors who have professed to be reputable brokers of standing in sound financial circles.

One of the best things I have seen done of late in the nature of an official warning to the public was when, quite recently, Sir Thomas Inskip, the Attorney-General, broadcast personally on the activities of bogus sharepushers.

He read a letter from a small tradesman who had been robbed of all his savings, and urged everyone to be suspicious at once about any person who came along with a prophecy that he could make quick profits for them if they placed their faith in him.

Huge losses

There is, I am glad to say, panic in certain "bucket-shop" circles to-day. Firms are disappearing from their offices with a frequency which does not surprise me. Nevertheless, they have in most cases done very well financially, and in two cases my department have recently investigated the amounts involved are something like £400,000 and £200,000 respectively.

The total losses which the public will have to bear in recent crashes, I am credibly informed, will not be far short of £1,000,000.

It is not to be wondered at, in such circumstances, that the whereabouts of at least seventeen financial geniuses, who have been associated with different firms of so-called "outside brokers" have wrapped their present whereabouts in complete mystery.

Let me deal with one or two of them.

Take, first, two men named William Slade and Arthur C. Bates, who were the registered proprietors of an enterprise named the City Securities Trust Company. These men called themselves "Investment Bankers," and until recently occupied well-appointed offices at London Wall, London, E.C.

With the aid of several talkative assistants Slade and Bates issued circulars which were couched in the most convincing terms, and which clearly suggested that they were able to sell to the public shares which would soon be worth much more than their purchase value.

The various complaints I have before me show how false these claims really were.

Unsaleable

It seems that the practice of Slade and Bates, once the recipient of their circulars had asked for fuller particulars, was to get on to the telephone—no matter how far away the client was from their office—and go into eulogies about one particular share or another.

Then, before the man at the other end of the telephone had had time to collect his thoughts, a car would draw up with one of the "personal" staff inside. It was the latter's job—which was mostly done excellently!—to extol further the value of the proposition discussed during the long-distance call.

One man, to give a case in point, was induced by the above methods to buy 500 shares in an electrical undertaking which was supposed to be of sterling importance. He paid 32s. a share for them, and understood that he would be able to sell out at a very early date at a big profit. Actually the shares he bought are unsaleable, and are still likely to be, judging from the disturbing fact that Messrs. Slade and Bates recently vacated their offices, leaving behind no address.

Another reader, who parted with a large sum for similar shares in much the same sort of way, gave Slade and Bates orders to sell, without any profit, after he began to realise that their original stories did not bear investigation. He received nothing but a number of letters, which did not help him.

Finally, after much more correspondence, he sent a pre-paid wire to the offices of Slade and Bates and asked what was being done. Three hours after his wire was despatched the G.P.O. informed him that it could not be delivered, as "these people have vacated their address and whereabouts are unknown."

I regret to say that many other people are now greatly distressed over dealings they have had with these two men and their impressively named "City Securities Trust Company."

I can only advise them to get into touch immediately with the City of London Police headquarters, where investi-



So grave has become the menace of the bucket shop financier that the Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Inskip, himself broadcast a warning to investors

been described in the City as a broker.

Mr. Brunton, it is interesting to note, was one of four defendants charged at Bow Street Police Court a few weeks ago during proceedings brought by the Public Prosecutor under the Companies Act.

With him were two Americans, named Samuel Gordon and Eli Markus—both gentlemen of mystery who have been mixed up with various share-pushing enterprises—and, while they were charged with

going from house to house offering shares for purchase contrary to the Companies Act, 1929," Brunton was charged with "aiding and abetting them."

All were convicted. Brunton being fined £200 and seventy-five guineas costs, while the other two were fined £100 and ordered for deportation.

Now the firm of Gilbert White and Company, with which these three men were all associated, has also left its offices suddenly—to add to the steadily increasing list of City "stock and share" scandals.

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Same old story

Three more of these mysterious City share magicians who, for reasons best known to themselves, have decided to go into hiding, are John Stewart (of Stewart and Crichton, whose operations were fully dealt with in these columns months ago); Jackson Bruce, otherwise Jackson Bruce and Company, and Percy Bennett, otherwise Major Clarence Young, otherwise Percy Bennett and Company, about whose amazing string of victims an exposure also appeared in a recent issue of JOHN BULL.

Complaints are still arriving about the last-named individual almost every day, and each one tells the same old story—circulars, long-distance telephone calls, personal salesmen, rosy promises, no profits forthcoming and, in the end, the sudden disappearance of the proprietors.

Well—I have dealt specifically with several of the seventeen men of mystery whose whereabouts official inquiries are now being widely made. The others I will leave for the moment with the observation that their operations were all of a precisely similar character.

But there is one further word I do want to add. That is that, in many of the cases I have dealt with, there is not the slightest doubt that the men who were registered as the proprietors of these "outside brokers'" businesses, and who naturally must take the responsibility for the manner in which they were run, were actually in the employ of certain people of an even more mysterious calibre who have remained in the background.

In any case, now that the scandal of these mushroom brokerage concerns—which the City does not want, but which bring discredit upon its name—has reached such a stage of importance, I sincerely hope that the authorities will be able to take the matter a stage further, and put some of the worst offenders in the dock.

Growing throng

Two more of the seventeen gentlemen of mystery are John White and M. Wellman, who were recently behind the destinies of another of these philanthropic ventures, run from Palmerston House, London, E.C. They interested clients in certain mining shares which, supposedly rich in prospects, have yielded nothing.

Several people have lodged complaints about unfortunate dealings they have had with Messrs. White and Wellman, and one client in Ireland parted with his last few pounds just before these gentlemen, who had already taken several substantial amounts from him, decided to quit their office and join the growing throng of "missing financiers."

Now I come to Gilbert White and Company, of Broad Street House, London, E.C., which was just another of these generous "outside" firms. No one appears to have been in complete control there as far as I can gather, but one of the men who was often in evidence at the offices is Mr. John Brunton, an Australian, who has lately

What brings Nightmares?

In five cases out of six, bad dreams and nightmares come from a "bad stomach." And not only torture by night but suffering by day turns even the daytime hours into a kind of nightmare. Go to bed with a clean stomach and the bad dreams and the pain will disappear. No half-digested food, no poison can remain in the stomach if you take Alex. C. Maclean Stomach Powder. This is the finest prescription known to medical science, but the best evidence of all is that of sufferers like yourself. What Alex. C. Maclean Stomach Powder has done for them it will do for you—relieve your pain, save you perhaps from a dreaded operation.



These sufferers found relief in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder

WONDERFUL RELIEF after DREADFUL AGONY

"Some years ago I was very ill with Gastric Ulcer and the memories of that awful time are still fresh. Gastric pains attack me very acutely at times, but never since that illness have I had such a bad attack as a month ago. I thought it was my old complaint again. I read of a similar case to mine being cured by your wonderful stomach powder, so my husband asked a chemist his honest opinion, as I was not in a condition to trifle with quack medicines. He said that although he sold higher priced powders, MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER was far ahead of anything else.

After the first few doses the pains were not only easier, they had gone. By the time I had taken the first bottle I felt better, livelier, and more fit than I have done for years.

Everything you advertise I have personally proved to be true."—(Mrs. E. F., Stratford-on-Avon.)

MIRACULOUS LIGHTNING EFFECTS

"I have read so many accounts of the wonderful benefits derived from Maclean Brand Stomach Powder that I feel that anyone who has suffered as I have, and after taking your preparation has found not only relief but a complete cure, owes you their gratitude, if only for passing on in the hope that it may benefit others who require still further confirmation.

My case was not so much one of Indigestion or any kindred complaint, but a type of stomach disorder one experiences while serving in the tropics.

I tried other preparations but failed to effect a cure. Having purchased a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and taken as few as a dozen doses, the trouble was eradicated and has never returned.

There is something undefinably miraculous about the lightning effects brought about by the use of your powder without, too, any 'after effects.'—(E. T.)

EX-SERVICE MAN'S MISERY TURNED TO JOY

"I am an ex-service man," writes Mr. M. Finn, of Wealdstone, "and served in the Dardanelles in 1915, being discharged in 1916 as unfit.

Through the rigours of that campaign I contracted dysentery and enteritis—and a ruined digestion, from which I have suffered agonies ever since.

I have tried hundreds of so-called remedies, and until two weeks ago I was almost afraid to eat my meals or drink anything hot. I was a misery to my wife who did not know what to get for my meals.

Two weeks ago a friend advised me to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I did, and can honestly say that the first bottle gave me relief. (Only sufferers from this trouble can understand the relief I felt.)

I have not missed a dose since, and am writing to you to express my honest and sincere thanks and gratitude for your preparation. That is how I now feel, for I can eat anything without the old consequences."

Why Alex. C. Maclean brand cures.

A Scientific Explanation

Alex. C. Maclean Stomach Powder does this:—

- (1) Puts a protective coating over the inflamed or delicate parts of the stomach, thus preventing the development of dangerous ulcers, etc.
- (2) Neutralises the acid which is eating into the stomach wall and causing pain.
- (3) Cleans the stomach and enables the body to extract its proper nourishment from your food.
- (4) Cleanses the intestines, thus preventing food waste from poisoning the system.

The Danger of Substitutes

When you take a remedy for stomach trouble you expect it to be a remedy. Is it wise, therefore, to accept an imitation of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, when you know that the genuine Maclean Brand will bring you relief? Mr. A. C., London, W.14, writes: "I had a cheaper powder, sold loosely as Macleans, but quickly found it inferior to the genuine powder sold in bottles. I did not derive the least benefit from the cheap form, but can state the genuine powder does give relief."

You can always make sure of getting the genuine Maclean Brand by seeing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle.

Make sure it's the "signature" brand



Look for this signature—

Alex. C. Maclean

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons, both bearing the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" which is your guarantee. All good chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

The "Signature" Brand

Macleans Ltd.,
Great West Road, Brentford.

WOMAN Panel Patient's ORDEAL

PUBLIC interest was aroused everywhere in the country by the recent publication in JOHN BULL of a series of exposures of the defects and scandals of the medical administration of the National Health Insurance Act.

It was the first time that any journal or newspaper had, by independent investigation on a national basis, justified an indictment of the abuses and laxities of the panel system.

Since then a mass of other information, giving cause for more serious apprehension, has been provided by JOHN BULL readers, and from it one clearly proved and most disturbing fact emerges.

Afraid

Many of the most flagrant breaches of the panel code, which are known to be common, are never properly revealed or dealt with because those who are affected by them are reluctant to come into the open on account of a mistaken idea and an unfounded dread that they may become involved in libel or slander proceedings or be otherwise victimised if they dare to make their allegations before a tribunal.

But all hope of cleaning up the panel system must be frustrated if the authorities, when people do prosecute a charge in good faith and on reasonable grounds, treat them with unnecessary contempt. Fear of ridicule is even greater than the ignorant fear of legal unpleasantness.

A lesson

Among the worst of the cases of the kind which have been examined by JOHN BULL is that of Miss Harriet Taylor, a co-operative society branch manageress, of 10, Ena Road, Coventry.

Hurry for "Lovely Britain"

Only eight more days remain in which to make certain of your copy of "Lovely Britain"—the book that is offered to JOHN BULL readers at a price that makes publishing history.

In its 514 pages are over 550 pictures of the beauty spots—splendid landscapes, forests, picturesque streams, grim mountain peaks, age-old ruins—all that infinite charm and beauty characteristic of these islands.

In addition, the most popular of living legends, the antiquities of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

"Lovely Britain" is a real library work, well worth 25s. It is offered to JOHN BULL readers at a Presentation Price of 2s. 9d., plus 1s., to cover the cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc. Hurry! Post those reservation forms from last week's issue to-day.



Miss Harriet Taylor. She was admonished for bringing her case before the panel authorities.

It is one which should be known not only to every insured person but to all who have a sense of fair-play. The implications of her case are much more than local.

They have a lesson for three million panel patients.

The other day Miss Taylor made formal complaint to the Insurance Committee against her panel doctor, who must be referred to as Dr. X, because it is a strange rule of the health insurance authorities that a panel doctor charged with an offence, whether he is found guilty or not, must not be publicly identified.

No reflection whatever is cast upon Dr. X. He was absolved by the Insurance Committee.

That body's verdict was that he had in no manner failed to exercise due medical skill or shown any neglect in his treatment of Miss Taylor.

We are concerned solely with the reception which Miss Taylor received from the authorities.

That she had reason to approach them cannot be disputed. Yet she was made to appear to be the culprit. And, it will be seen, the case of Miss Taylor might be that of any other panel patient.

Doctor's diagnosis

One night, months ago, Miss Taylor was boarding a bus when she knocked herself and felt a violent pain in one of her legs.

It was as if it had been stabbed by a needle.

Three inches below the knee in the front of the leg was a puncture wound which bled freely. A corresponding hole was in her stocking, and she also found

a similar tear in the lining of her knee-length coat at the level of the wound.

The cause was clear. She remembered having in her coat pocket a piece of pencil which had got down into the coat lining.

The pencil had, in impact with her leg as she ran, entered the flesh by the sharpened point.

Next day Miss Taylor was in great pain, and alarmed by an ugly swelling over the site of the wound. She called upon Dr. X, her panel doctor, and told him that she believed a pencil was embedded in her calf.

Her version of what happened at the consultation is that the doctor declared that there was nothing in the leg. In any case, he admits that he did not explore the wound, that he believed the pain Miss Taylor was suffering in the back of the leg was due to strain, and that he ordered only hot fomentations.

Refused at hospital

Completely dissatisfied with the diagnosis of the panel doctor and the treatment prescribed, Miss Taylor went next day to a Coventry hospital and asked for expert examination. It was refused. She was told that she was committing an offence against medical etiquette in having approached the hospital without the knowledge or consent of her panel doctor.

In vain she pleaded that there was a long piece of pencil in her leg, and that she was suffering intensely.

She was rebuked. Her allegiance, she was informed, should be to her panel doctor, and she was referred back to him.

It has since been said by the insurance authorities, in defence of the hospital, that even if Miss Taylor's request for an X-ray examination had been granted it would have proved nothing, because the X-ray process does not reveal the presence of wood in the body. That may be so. But it would have shown the presence of the lead in the leg.

Absurd obstacle

Incidentally, Miss Taylor is a governor of the hospital which refused to help her because of medical etiquette. If a hospital governor cannot succeed in overcoming the absurd obstacle of professional etiquette in such circumstances, what hope is there for the ordinary panel patient?

So Miss Taylor went back to Dr. X. On this occasion he still refused to believe that there was a pencil in her leg and gave her a prescription for lint and cotton-wool and liniment to rub what he declared to be a strain.

Miss Taylor could only accept his opinion, and she went away as satisfied as she could be that her belief that a pencil had entered her leg must have been imaginative.

Six months passed. They were terrible months for Miss Taylor. Day and night she carried out the rubbing instructions for the supposed strain.

Her pain and the swelling above the scar of the wound became worse.

At the end of that time she returned in despair to Dr. X, who then allowed her to seek help at the hospital. There a septic abscess was found, but after it was incised she was sent back to Dr. X.

Again she was dissatisfied. She states that Dr. X then told her that if a lead pencil was really in her leg "it might work out in twelve months time."

The pain was increasing. After two more weeks—seven months after the injury—the wound had become a circular scar the size of a sixpence and the swelling was still growing.

Modest request

So Miss Taylor went to another doctor privately.

He extracted from her leg by a series of operations two halves of a cedar wood pencil four and a half inches long and the blacklead which the pencil had contained.

The leg has rapidly healed and is now normal.

Miss Taylor placed the full facts before the Medical Service Insurance Committee, with the modest request that either the committee or Dr. X should pay the bill of the private doctor who, she said, had saved her limb and probably her life.

The committee, one half of whom were doctors, refused to accept any responsibility, and further held that no blame or liability attached to Dr. X. It did not challenge his "conservative treatment" and made the insinuation that Miss Taylor was not competent to question the efficacy of the treatment which he first prescribed.

Facts in writing

She was also condemned because she had not produced witnesses. Miss Taylor, like other panel patients, is not a lawyer versed in the assembling and conduct of evidence. She had presented all the facts in writing. It is, or should have been, the duty of the Insurance Committee to summon the relevant witnesses.

Why, for instance, did it not seek the evidence and opinion of the private doctor who found and removed the pencil eight months after it penetrated Miss Taylor's leg?

But the committee went even further in its castigation of Miss Taylor.

It not only declared she had done a wrongful act in having dared to seek the advice of the hospital of which she is a governor without the approval of Dr. X, but expressed the opinion that she had no grounds at all for engaging the private services of another doctor without the signed consent of Dr. X and then asking the committee to recoup her.

Here is a perfect cameo of the panel system at work.

No ordinary person would say that Miss Taylor has no reason to present the facts to the authorities. When she did so, however, they reprimanded her.

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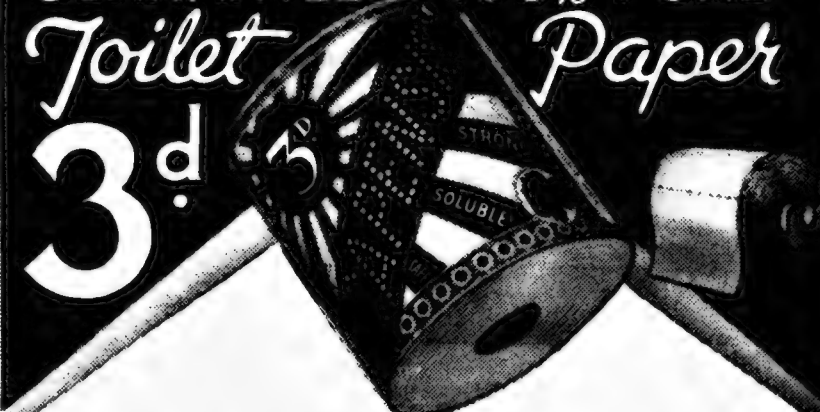
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A Dangerous DANCE BAND LEADER

ADANCE band conductor glorying in the name of Paul Lukas, but having no connection with the famous film actor of that name, recently arrived in London from Jersey, Channel Islands.

Paul Lukas, according to his own story, had been running three bands in the Channel Islands and had decided to bring one of them to London.

With this object in view he got in touch with a young London impresario, who agreed to act as his manager and publicity agent.

Within a few weeks all was set for his triumphal arrival with his band in London from Jersey. A Press photographer had been specially engaged to take photographs of Paul Lukas and a few reporters were informed of his impending arrival at Waterloo. Publicity preparations were carried out with plenty of pep and punch; a theatrical newspaper carried the following advertisement:—

July 22, 1935.

Make a note of this date.

Paul Lukas and his Orchestra, Hollywood's Famous Dance Band, arrive in England.

There was nothing to make it quite clear that he was not the film star, Paul Lukas.

Luckily, as it proved, there was no show of bunting and no committee of welcome to greet Paul Lukas and his orchestra on arrival.

The boat train glided into Waterloo Station on time, and Paul Lukas, smiling with twinkling eyes through horn-rimmed glasses, stepped out on the platform. But there was no sign of his famous orchestra.

Bill paid for him

But Paul Lukas had arrived; and he proceeded to explain, to his own satisfaction, that it had been impossible for him to bring his world-famous orchestra.

Meanwhile—although he had travelled third-class—he proceeded to a first-class compartment where he posed obligingly for a photographer.

His newly appointed manager and publicity agent was rather nonplussed at the non-arrival of the orchestra, which had already been booked for several dates, including a week at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, and for single dates at Brighton and at Hornchurch, Essex.

However, Paul Lukas invited those who had welcomed him to join him in a meal at a restaurant in Leicester Square, W.

After the meal, the smiling band leader explained that he could not get money through his bank for a day or two, so the young manager was requested to pay the bill, which he did.

Then the fact emerged that Paul Lukas had arrived in London minus cash, in addition to being minus his "Hollywood's Favourite Dance Band."

Clearly something had to be done and done quickly, because Paul Lukas and his band had been booked to appear at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, for the week commencing Bank Holiday Monday, August 5.

While hectic days were spent in London, gathering together a band of thirteen musicians, Paul Lukas took apartments with a poor woman at Ladbroke Grove, from whom he borrowed money. This woman had a talented daughter who, as a juvenile, had appeared on the stage with a dancing troupe.

Hearing this, Paul Lukas promptly promised to put this little girl in his show when it opened at the Grand Theatre, Croydon.

On the Sunday preceding August Bank Holiday, Paul Lukas arrived at lodgings which had been arranged for him in Edridge Road, Croydon.

For a time his talk impressed the landlord, but the obvious shortage of money from which Lukas evidently suffered aroused suspicion.

He "borrowed" packets of cigarettes and small sums from his landlady, and



Lukas has left behind him several debts, and a number of people who want to interview him

eventually brought to the house the little girl dancer from Ladbroke Grove to live with himself and wife.

Meanwhile the show had opened at the local theatre, and a page-boy resplendent in red, white and blue uniform, with "Paul Lukas" emblazoned on his cap-band, was dashing about London carrying messages hither and thither.

By the middle of the week the musicians (engaged in London) who formed Paul Lukas' "Hollywood's Favourite Dance Band," became uneasy about their leader, and insisted that before they gave further performances a guarantee should be given that their salaries would be paid on Saturday night.

This guarantee was given, and the curtain went up. The audience, of course, little realised the heated and unrehearsed scene which had taken place behind the scenes before the show.

During the intervals Lukas, smiling benignly, autographed cigarette cards and albums of children who no doubt thought that he was Paul Lukas, the film star.

At the end of the week the bandsmen

were paid by Paul Lukas's agent—so there is no complaint on that score! On the following Sunday, the landlord at Croydon failed to draw cash from Paul Lukas in settlement of his account for board and lodging for his wife, self and the little girl dancer, who, by the way, had not been given an opportunity to appear on the stage as promised.

The landlord followed Lukas to Brighton, where he had a Sunday engagement, hoping to get the money due.

This journey proved a disappointing one, for the dance band leader could not pay, and on the following day Paul Lukas left his Croydon lodgings saying that he would be back the same evening—but never returned.

"Square and honest"

Next morning the landlady found that Lukas had left behind him, propped up on the mantelpiece, his unpaid bill!

During the week he had promised to engage his landlord as general handyman to accompany him on a six months' tour of the Near East at a salary of £3 10s. a week, plus expenses!

Shortly afterwards the other landlady from Ladbroke Grove, whose bill had also been unpaid, arrived and told how she, too, had lent Lukas money.

Last week Paul Lukas was due to keep an appointment with his manager. Waiting were representatives of theatrical newspapers who wanted payment for advertisements which was overdue.

But Paul Lukas did not appear, and all efforts to trace him have failed.

This is the man who in a recent letter wrote: "I like to be square and honest in all my doings, and even publicity!"

When Paul Lukas and his band appeared at the Viennese Gardens of the Bath Hotel, Jersey, he was described as a "Lancashire Lad," and the story was told of how he had "visited" countries where English music had seldom been heard. . . . Since then he had never turned back, and his band had travelled by air, on elephants and by camels, to carry out engagements in the Far East.

Paul Lukas may never turn back. But there are a number of people in London and elsewhere who wish that he had turned back before coming to England.

Homely Wisdom—by

Canon R. J. Campell, D.D.

Trying and Trusting

Most of us will agree with him up to a point, though we might not agree on the remedy. My own conviction is that the majority of us live at too high tension.

Officials whose business it is to know the facts tell us that the number of inmates of mental institutions tends to increase and that the reason for this is that the human system cannot stand the tug of unremitting effort: something is bound to give way.

* * *

What the psychologists call the law of reversed effort ought to be understood by everybody, for everybody is liable to its distressing effects. Stated in the simplest terms, it means that the more you try to do something the less likely are you to succeed.

If you are trying to go to sleep the more wakeful you become; it is when you stop trying that sleep supervenes. If you are trying hard to pass an examination, and are keyed up to the supreme effort, you may find your mind a blank at the critical moment.

Or if you are trying to make a good

impression upon someone whose confidence it is important you should win, you are likely to do yourself less than justice and perhaps to produce the opposite effect to what you intend.

Now there is something here worth knowing and putting into practice. It is that when you let go, cease from strenuousness, and rely upon your inner self, you will find that you accomplish more and do better than if you are constantly putting forth your energies in a vain endeavour to reach a goal.

Or, as I prefer to put it and sincerely believe, when you have done your best in the conscious exercise of your natural powers, and are then content to trust instead of trying, you will find that the Spirit of God within you will take charge and enable you to do, sometimes in marvellous degree, what otherwise and unaided you could never do.

Don't misunderstand. This is no excuse for slacking. Try you must, but don't let trying turn to futility. Try, and then trust. It is like learning to play the piano or riding a bicycle. Facility comes when the inner self co-operates with the outer and doing becomes joy instead of pain.

AHIGHLY privileged visitor to these shores has been expressing disappointment about the demeanour of English people when they are off their guard. He admits that during the Jollifications that attended the celebration of the King's semi-Jubilee we seemed to be a carefree crowd; but he thinks he detected underneath all the hilarity a note of strain; some of the gaiety gave him the impression of being rather forced.

Whether this was so or not, he soon saw, or thought he saw, that when we got back to the humdrum everyday round of existence we were not a happy people. Looking at the faces in the streets, shops, omnibuses and railway trains, he perceived that the shadow of care rested on them all, or nearly all.

Everyone seemed on the stretch, anxious, hunted, bothered, afraid; and when he contrasted this characteristic of our European civilisation—for it does not pertain to England alone—with that of the natives in the tropical regions that he knew best, he was forced to the conclusion that there was something badly wrong with the more advanced races of the earth.

X XX...XXX...XXX.... three letters rapped out in Morse code which clear the traffic-laden ether like the shrill clanging of an ambulance bell clears a crowded street. And they mean the same thing. Those three letters are the new ambulance call of the sea.

XXX...XXX...XXX.... At two o'clock in the morning a few weeks ago the radio operator at Land's End station listening through his earphones to ship traffic heard the urgent, staccato piping of the call. He heard it only faintly—a thin thread of sound in the background of his 'phones, because the ether was a confused babble of many ships' voices talking all at once.

There was half a gale blowing, the entrance of the Channel was choked in blinding mist, and ships, like timid old ladies, were asking where they were. Near at hand, battle-ships were talking in a high, confident clamour which almost filled the earphones.

Instant hush

The operator stretched out his hand to his transmitting key and peremptorily told the King's Navy to shut up. "Receiving XXX call," he said—and that was enough.

Other ships within range also heard the order and ceased their gossiping and querying.

There was an instant listening hush while the Land's End operator got on to that faint, distant call again.

It came from a small German tramp ship far out in the Atlantic. Tersely, it said: "Request immediate medical advice. Seaman washed against steering quadrant. Crushed leg. Bleeding profusely. Unconscious."

"O.K.," answered Land's End. "Stand by and I will call you back." Then he got busy.

Exactly what the operator did and how he did it will be explained later in this article, but within twenty minutes the captain of that little ship had received a clear, step by step description of the treatment to be given to the injured man, including the placing of tourniquets, the stimulants to be used, and the position in which the patient was to be laid.

At intervals throughout the night Land's End was in touch with the ship and learned that the medical directions were being applied.

Just routine

Last of all, having elicited the fact that the ship was outward bound to America and would not be able to land the injured man speedily for hospital treatment, he gave the captain "the address of the nearest doctor"—in other words, gave him the position of the nearest outward-bound liner carrying a doctor, who could be consulted on the further progress of the case, and who, in the last extremity, might arrange for treatment in his own sick bay.

Days later the operator added to his message file a brief note from the tramp-ship's captain thanking him for his help. The injured man had made splendid progress, and had been landed to a U.S. hospital well on the road to recovery.

That little episode was merely part of the night's work routine for the station concerned, one of dozens even more dramatic and complicated which have been handled by our coast stations during the past few months, all of them as part of the wonderful medical service which

Britain has now made available to all seafarers.

Recently a great deal was made of the fact that a new wireless medical service for seamen, called C.R.I.M., had been started in Rome, under the direct patronage of Senatore Marconi. A number of distinguished Italian specialists and professors of medicine are stated to be on the staff of C.R.I.M. and available for consultation and advice purposes.

Fourteen Italian radio stations, it is said, are constantly listening in to ship messages on long and short waves, and any captain in need of medical help can call C.R.I.M. and his case will be relayed there for diagnosis and advice, which will be forthcoming in a few minutes.

The intention of the new scheme is to cater primarily for ships in the South Atlantic, the Mediterranean and Eastern waters. Already it claims to have handled such difficult cases as tropical fevers and several instances of internal complaints which would be difficult to diagnose even if the patient was before the physician in the flesh.

But this new Rome service, fine as it is, is merely an extension of the radio marine medical service which Britain's Post Office has pioneered and developed. It is a welcome addition to that network of medical succour which our own Post Office has built up. The Rome service is a few months old; the British service is twelve years old!

The Post Office has said nothing about its great work, nor of the amazing improvement made to it a year ago by the invention of what is called the "Case Stating System." Not one landsman in a thousand knows of the existence or working of this wonderful service which has now found a much-publicised imitator in another country.

But shipmasters, seamen of every

nationality, know full well about it, and have blessed it many times.

Until the British Post Office's medical organisation came into being a few years ago, a sick or injured seaman on the majority of vessels had to rely entirely on the sketchy knowledge of his captain for diagnosis of his ailment or injury and its subsequent treatment. (According to the Merchant Shipping Act only those vessels carrying more than 100 persons and engaged in foreign trade need carry a qualified medical practitioner.)

Just as a ship's captain is competent to perform a marriage or a burial service, so also is he presumed competent to perform the work of a physician or surgeon. On British ships this presumed knowledge is supplemented by an official handbook called the "Ship Captain's Medical Guide," and also, according to law, every ship must carry a medicine chest containing certain specified drugs and surgical appliances.

Only one bottle!

Obviously there are definite limits to this combination of medicine chest and medical guide. It can only be used on the simplest and most easily diagnosed diseases and injuries, and its degree of success even here is governed entirely by the intelligence of the captain and his ability to understand and apply the directions.

Sailors have always been aware of that fact and their disbelief that "the old man and his medicine chest" could really help them in any sickness or hurt is expressed in many cynical sayings of the sea. They will solemnly assure you, for instance, that the "black draught" bottle is the only one ever opened,

and that most captains consider it the sovereign panacea for all the ills and emergencies of the sea, from broken bones to "Yellow Jack."

But all that is changed now. The Medical Guide and the chest are still carried as the law requires, but the radio medical service, which puts the ship's captain instantly in touch with skilled physicians and specialists has done away with all the thumbing and head puzzling over the Guide.

To show how the service works, let us go back to the episode quoted at the beginning of this article in the XXX call from the tramp-ship—and see what happened in the twenty minutes between the first receipt of the call by Land's End and the final answer with detailed medical advice.

Immediately he had taken down that first terse call the operator turned to a list of names and telephone numbers hanging by his chair. On that list are the names of physicians and surgeons who are within easy 'phone call of the wireless station and whose services are available for these XXX calls.

In this case he rang up the surgeon on night duty at a hospital some distance away, and repeated the message to him. The surgeon



RADIO DRAMA

of the HIGH SEAS

replied asking for more precise details of the seaman's injuries and condition. At once the operator called the ship again, and told the captain to comply and to use "Case Stating System. International Code of Signals."

In a few minutes he got the captain's reply, which he transcribed from code and passed on to the waiting surgeon. Then having got his answer he turned this back into code and wirelessly it to the captain.

Besides Land's End all the main British shore signal stations, such as North Foreland, Niton, Malin Head, Cullercoats, and so on, are furnished with these call lists of doctors within their areas. Smaller stations in between who may pick up an XXX call for medical assistance, and who may not possess a list, can refer to that at the nearest

main station, and so an unbroken chain of medical succour for seafarers is maintained all round these islands.

In addition the great Burnham radio station is constantly listening in on the very short wave-lengths used for distant calls and relayed calls. No matter how far away a ship is, it can be in instant touch with the best medical skill which the country can offer.

Exact details

The Post Office service has actually dealt with a call for advice received from a vessel 6,000 miles away in the South Atlantic. And in this case—a seaman afflicted with an obscure tropical disease—the captain of that far-off ship was

put in touch with a great specialist in Harley Street.

But apart from the wonderful organisation of wireless, land telephones and doctors which has made such things possible, Britain's greatest contribution to its present perfection is the invention of the Case Stating System.

Very early in the progress of the radio medical service the Post Office encountered serious difficulties. It found out that shipmasters urgently calling for medical assistance seldom gave the precise details which a doctor would require to enable him to form a correct diagnosis, and the result was many long and costly messages between the shore stations and the appealing ship, loss of time and confusion. Language troubles, too, as when a foreign ship called an English station, added to the mix-up.

So a few years ago, an Editorial Committee composed of doctors and code experts met in London. After two years' work they produced the Case Stating System. This marvel of human ingenuity is a system of 1,000 radio signals each in groups of five letters, and they cover everything a doctor can want to know about the symptoms or injuries of a sick patient.

On the Committee which worked out the system were representatives from seven countries. England, France, Italy, Germany, Japan, Spain and Norway, and the Case Stating System has just been published in all those languages. Last year it was embodied in Volume 2 of the International Code of Sig-

nals, which all ships must carry. Copies of the Code are also in the possession of all British shore stations, and of most of the doctors who are on the consultant list for XXX calls.

The system is foolproof and comprehensive. It is accompanied by full instructions for both the captain and the answering doctor, and is divided into 24 sections.

Sections 1 to 20 are for the use of the master, who, after examining the patient, frames his message in the sequence of the code. The sections cover description and age of patient, pulse, temperature, breathing, onset and duration of illness, symptoms, nature and place of pain, swelling or injury. The remaining sections are for the use of the doctor in answering and refer to diagnosis and treatment.

The system is almost a complete

clinical education in itself; among other matters the captain is advised not to omit any item because it may not seem important to him, but at the same time to send only facts found in his examination of the patient or elicited by questioning.

So perfect, so complete and easy to follow is the System that recently the captain of a tramp-ship out in the Atlantic performed a difficult amputation on a seaman's crushed foot, and the whole operation was wirelessly to him step by step from the administration of the anaesthetic to the final ligatures and bandages.

The surgeon who directed the operation was nearly 2,000 miles away sitting in his room at a British hospital and talking into a telephone with the Case Stating System open before him. At the other end of the telephone was the shore station operator turning the spoken five-letter groups of the Code into Morse and sending them to the ship.

Consternation

There was an instance recently, told in a dramatic sequence of messages now in the Post Office files, where the radio medical service was of value not only to the patient concerned but also the health protection services of this country.

A Greek steamer entering the Channel from an Eastern port wirelessly "Captain seriously ill. Am arriving outside (naming a small Channel port) at 9 a.m. Can you get a doctor to attend, please." The shore station replied, "Please state nature of illness or accident." When the ship's answer, giving a full description in the Code of the sick captain's symptoms and condition was passed on to one of the doctors on call there was some consternation and much urgent telephoning.

The doctor had diagnosed a serious and infectious fever, and the ship was ordered to another port where a health officer could board her and quarantine regulations could be put in action.

Without the radio medical service that ship might have gone blundering into the first port she named, and, through ignorance of the nature of the captain's illness, spread infection ashore.

Tradition kept

But perhaps the best tribute to the perfection of the service is the extent to which it is used. The Post Office publish no statistics of the number of calls received and apparently keep no figures. But in response to a request made recently by an outside body they succeeded in tracing twenty ship calls for medical assistance handled during the past few months.

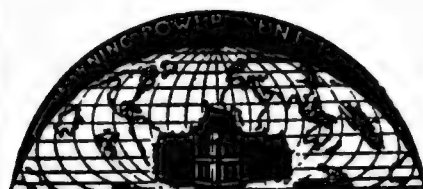
Of that total only four were from British ships; the others were German (four), Italian (three), Greek (five), Norwegian (two) and one each Dutch and Swedish vessels. The Post Office makes no charge for its wonderful service beyond the bare wordage cost of its wireless messages. It is free to all ships of all nationalities.

So Britain maintains its centuries-old tradition of keeping the seas safe for all seafarers. And it is another pleasant sidelight on the Post Office's many-sided—if sometimes mysterious—activities that the same organisation which sells a seaman's wife a postage stamp to write her man will with as little ado put a Harley Street specialist aboard his ship to treat his illness or injuries.



Through the wonderful system perfected by the Post Office, the skipper of a vessel at sea can perform highly skilled medical work, acting almost word by word on instructions of a specialist in his house in Harley Street, the link between them being the radio operator at a coastal wireless station

John Bull Readers' Stories—No. 138



STUDY AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

HOW TO STUDY

In your spare time when it suits YOU. You fix your own time, you do not GO to your studies, the postman brings THEM TO YOU. There is nothing that a class-room teacher can show on a blackboard that we cannot show on a white page. The lessons on a blackboard will be cleaned off, but our lessons are PERMANENT. A class-room teacher cannot give you a private word of encouragement, but a Correspondence Tutor can do so whenever your work deserves it. On the other hand he can, where necessary, point out your mistakes PRIVATELY.

SIGNS of the TIMES

The Budget has restored
POLICE OPPORTUNITIES.
The Air Force is to be increased.
AVIATION MUST DEVELOP.
Pay Cuts have been restored.

CIVIL SERVICE

Suitable to both sexes. Ages 15 to 24.
PERMANENT, PROGRESSIVE,
PENSIONABLE POSITIONS.

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CUSTOMS AND EXCISE, INSPECTOR OF
TAXES, Etc. NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.
OPEN EXAMS.

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There are many ways of commencing a career,
but Matriculation is the jumping off board for
all the best ones.

We prepare candidates for all
INSTITUTE EXAMS.

TECHNICAL, ACCOUNTANCY,
SECRETARIAL, INSURANCE, Etc.

ENGINEERS AND
DRAUGHTSMEN

All Branches—Employers are advertising for them.
TELEPHONY, RADIO and MOTOR
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There are lots of vacancies. Our postal courses
will make you eligible. Advice on all careers free.

Also ask for our New Book (Free of charge)
THE HUMAN MACHINE
Secrets of Success

YOU CAN HAVE A COLLEGE
TRAINING IN ALMOST ANY
CAREER FOR A FEW
SHILLINGS MONTHLY

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Advertising and Sales
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Applied Mechanics
Army Certificates
Auctioneers and Estate
Agents
Aviation Engineering
Banking
Boilers
Book-keeping, Accountancy
and Modern
Business Methods
B.Sc. (Eng.)
B.Sc. (Estate Management)
Building, Architecture
and Clerk of Works
Cambridge Senior
School Certificate
Civil Engineering
Civil Service
AD Commercial Subjects
Commercial Art
Concrete & Structural
Engineering
Draughtsmanship
all branches, all
Engineering, subjects
and examinations
General Education
G.P.O. Eng. Dept.
Heating & Ventilating
Industrial Chemistry
Insurance
Mathematics

Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining, all subjects
Mining, Electrical
Engineering
Motor Engineering
Motor Trade
Municipal and County
Engineers
Naval Architecture
Pattern Making
Police, Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Pumps and Pumping
Machinery
Radio Service
Engineering
Road Making and
Maintenance
Salesmanship
Sanitation
Secretarial
Examinations
Ship-building
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
Telephony and
Telegraphy
Transport Inst. Exams.
Weights & Measures
Inspector
Welding
Wireless Telegraphy
and Telephony
Works Managers

If you do not see your own requirements
above, write to us on any subject.

IT IS THE PERSONAL TOUCH
WHICH COUNTS IN POSTAL TUITION



Dept. 31, THE EDGEMOOR COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD

HAVE you ever had to tell a lie for years—as I did, and as my mother and sister did—until you almost came to believe it yourself? That is what we had to do. In order to conceal the facts relating to my father's disappearance, my mother passed as a widow, and my sister and myself as fatherless children. And then the skeleton in our cupboard came to life! This was all some years ago, and "now it can be told."

I was attending college, in those days, in London. I was an ambitious youth and had my mind set on becoming a mechanical engineer. I had always shown an aptitude for mechanics, and I was fortunate in receiving encouragement and assistance from my parents, in the furtherance of my ambition.

Their help was at the expense of considerable sacrifice. We lived in one of those towns which form the outer suburban belt of Greater London.

My father was particularly keen on my securing the proper qualifications for my profession, precisely because he had himself suffered the disabilities of the unskilled or partially skilled man.

At the time when I was attending college he had the position of chief clerk, accountant and general factotum in one of those small department stores—mainly devoted to haberdashery—which still seem to flourish in the outer suburban towns, despite the competition of the "chain" stores or of the vast London establishments.

HIS employer had inherited the business, which had been built up in the old days when our town was still a country town. He was an astute business man, shrewd, grim and dour. My father often said—when safely in the bosom of his family—that, when the milk of human kindness was being delivered, the roundsman had forgotten to leave a bottle at Mr. Winston's door.

On the other hand, Winston prided himself on an inflexible, stiff-necked rectitude. He worked my father hard, and did not pay him too well. But, on the other hand, his sense of justice would never allow him to dispense with his services unless for good reason.

And, incidentally, he appeared to have complete faith in my father's integrity, and entrusted to him most of the financial side of the business.

My father could ill afford to pay my college expenses and to keep me for so long without return. And my season-ticket to London was also a heavy item in our meagre budget. Fortunately, however, when I was eighteen, my sister—who is three years older than I—secured a post in the offices of a big insurance firm, which considerably lightened the family burden.

So I went to college, and I will say

that I worked hard and was looked upon by my instructors as a student with a future. The years went by and we managed to keep afloat—in great part due to my mother's keen ability in the management of our household finances. Then the crash came.

My sister fell ill—so ill that the only hope for her restoration to health lay in sending her to a special sanatorium for several months. Our insurance did not cover this contingency, and it seemed that the only thing was for me to leave college. Yet I was then on the eve of qualifying—in another six months I would have my degree.

A family conference was held, and it was then that my father revealed to us something of which hitherto we had had no inkling. It seemed that he had been receiving an extra commission from Mr. Winston for the introduction of certain business, and that he had put this money away for an emergency.

My mother was astounded at this revelation, for my father was not of a particularly secretive type. He assured us, however, that there was sufficient to see me through college, if we also practised some extra economies. So that all was well, after all. My sister departed for the sanatorium and I continued my studies.

Several months passed. Letters from my sister announced that she was making a satisfactory recovery.

The time for my examinations came. It was arranged that, during those few days, I should take a cheap room in London, to which I could bring my books, so as to have my entire evenings for studying, without the loss of time entailed by travelling.

They were nerve-racking days which I spent in London, but, on the last day, I was triumphant. I knew I had passed and I knew I had passed high. My career, I knew, had begun at last.

I returned home in a state of great elation. I shall never forget that evening when I unlocked the front door of our little house, flung my bag and bundle of books upon the hall floor and

dashed into the living-room to proclaim my good news. To add to the lustre of the occasion my sister, I knew, would now again be at home, completely cured. I dashed into the room, then, and there were my mother and sister.

"I've passed, mum!" I shouted. "I know I've passed, and passed well! Hullo, Jane—it's good to see you back. You look fine! Did I tell you I'd passed! But—where's dad?"

THE two of them sat there, looking at me silently. They returned my kiss, but they did not smile.

"Why, what's the matter with you two?" I asked. "You look as though you'd been to a funeral. There's nothing wrong, is there? Dad's not ill, is he? Where is he?"

"Joe," my mother said, "I've something serious to tell you. I hate to spoil your pleasure, my dear, but it can't be hidden from you. Your father has disappeared."

"Disappeared?" I gasped.

"Yes, dear—disappeared. We don't know where he is. And Mr. Winston—" For a moment it seemed that she would break down, then she recovered herself and went on. "Mr. Winston has been here and he says there are mistakes in father's books—not real mistakes, deliberate ones. There seems to be no

My FAMILY
SKELETON

THE GREATEST OF THESE—

ROSE ELIZABETH, aged five, goes by the name of "Mickey Mouse" in her home circle, because she is small, always singing, and up to all manner of tricks. For the rest, she is "not any too strong," a "bit chesty," and has a white little face.

She is the youngest but one of four children, the eldest of whom is twelve. The fourteen-months-old baby is in hospital recovering from whooping cough, and has been on the danger list.

Rose Elizabeth's dad joined the Army under age, and finished up as a prisoner of war in Germany. He was wounded and gassed. With his gratuity of £23 10s. he started on his own as a general dealer, and has been able to make a profit of about £2 a week.

Bad luck came to him last April, when his two-year-old son died under an operation for diphtheria. The journeys to and from the hospital, and the six guineas to pay for the little chap's funeral, coming on top of a time when he was faced with bad trade and competition, not only exhausted his stock

Is Thirteen Unlucky?



Rose Elizabeth

money but landed him in debt for the first time since he started.

In spite of stripping his home of practically everything, including the bed clothes, the rent of their rooms, which they have occupied for seven years, fell 24s. 6d. in arrears, and they received notice to quit. The "relief" granted for a few weeks had ceased, and he is offered the institution for his wife and children. "That is not very nice, is it?" he asked. "No man and wife like to be apart from their children."

Rose Elizabeth's father understands all about horses, and wishes he could find a regular job, as he considers street hawking

an "up-and-down life." However, given a thorough good start, he could at any rate make his £2 a week, and keep his family together.

"When in work I woke up with a contented mind," he says. "Now I feel all upside down. We have had a run of bad luck since last September, which was our thirteenth year of married life. It was on September 13 our boy was taken to hospital suffering from rickets, before he caught diphtheria there, and died."

It is up to our readers to change bad luck into good luck by sending donations earmarked "Rose Elizabeth" to help her father, who, since serving honourably as a British soldier, has lived as a decent and respectable British citizen, working hard to maintain his family.

All subscriptions for "Rose Elizabeth" or for the general fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL WAR SUFFERERS' FUND, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



"His fault is inexcusable," he said, "because I trusted him"

comes to LIFE

doubt about it—your father's been embezzling money, my dear!"

In the midst of my happiness this thunderbolt had struck us. It was only too true. It seemed that Mr. Winston had been looking over the books and had detected certain irregularities. He had not suspected anything criminal and had asked my father to explain.

And, the next day, my father had gone. That was all that anyone knew—he had gone.

Examination of the books revealed that for several months—ever since the necessity had arisen of sending my sister to the sanatorium—there had been systematic falsification of the accounts.

We sat there, looking at each other in sad bewilderment. We knew now that father had never had that secret store of money of which he had spoken at our family talk. We knew that it was at that moment that he had decided upon this action. And we knew that he had done it for my sake—to enable me to stay on at the college.

Father had all his life been a man of meticulous honesty. We could realise something of the agony of mind in which he had come to this dreadful decision. And the suspense during those long months, when he was daily risking discovery, prosecution, and shame.

I have never felt so guilty in my life. I was the cause of this, and I felt as though it was I who had committed the crime. And what would happen now? Would they catch father, prosecute him and imprison him?

IT is almost impossible for an embezzler to escape, and father knew none of the methods and tricks of the professional criminal. With a very small hope—a desperate hope—it was decided that I should go round and see Mr. Winston the following morning.

I did so. He sat there in his office, as unsmiling and inflexible in appearance as ever. He said nothing, just sat there and heard me out, as I told him of the causes of my father's offence. Then, very sternly, he spoke, and my heart sank at his forbidding manner.

"His fault is inexcusable," he said, "because I trusted him. Whatever the reason, nothing can condone his act." He paused for a moment, and then, to

my amazement, continued: "Why didn't he come to me and tell me? I might have helped him."

I sat there silently. It was too difficult to explain that his harsh manner and stringent business methods had made this step impossible for my father, who was never of a very confiding disposition. Winston rose.

"Now, Joe," he said, "I am going to risk something. Risk something on you. I shall not prosecute. I do not wish to ruin your career and the lives of your mother and sister. But you must undertake—in a written document—to repay me the

money, in time. When you have paid the last instalment, I shall destroy the paper."

He held out his hand, stern and unsmiling as ever. "Good-bye," he said. "I will prepare the paper, and you shall come and sign it to-morrow."

For years after this, no word came from father, nor any news of him. My sister returned to work at the insurance office. We left our town and went to live in a couple of cheap rooms in London. I was fortunate in securing work, on the strength of my brilliant pass at college.

We had some heavy struggling to do, in those early days, against poverty, but we won out. I made good in my profession, passed from one job to another, each one better, until I was able to keep mother in real comfort, and even with a little of the luxury she so richly deserved.

My sister married, and had her own home and children. I continued to live with mother, who, I knew, was lonely without father, whom she had dearly loved, although she never mentioned him.

It was about twelve years after father's disappearance that the miracle happened. Mother and I had gone out that evening to our local cinema to see a widely popular American film. It was during a crowd scene in the film—in which flashes of the spectators at a horse race are shown—that I felt

mother suddenly lean against me, trembling and clutching my arm.

"It's father!" she whispered. "Look!" But the scene had passed from the screen. I tried to reason with her—perhaps it had been a mistake. But she insisted.

It was the last performance of the evening. But we resolved to see the film again the next morning when the cinema opened. I telephoned to my office that I would have to take the day off.

We sat there, the next day, in the darkened house, mother's hand upon mine. Just before the racecourse scene, her grip tightened. "Now, watch," she said. "In the right-hand corner of the screen!"

It was father! There was no mistaking him. But we sat on, and saw the film once more. Yes, it must be he. We went home—mother was terribly agitated—to discuss what we should do.

FATHER must return, we decided. I had paid off Mr. Winston long ago. We must let him know that there was no fear of prosecution. And that he need be ashamed of nothing. We would go to live in a neighbourhood where we were not known, so that there would be no wonderment because a dead husband and father had come to life.

But how to get in touch with him? I had an American friend in London, a fellow-engineer, and I sought his counsel. His advice was excellent and fruitful.

We wrote to the various casting directors in Hollywood, sending them a photograph of father—for probably he no longer used his right name—and asking them to deliver to him a letter which we enclosed. We also advertised in the Los Angeles and Hollywood newspapers.

Within six weeks a reply came from father. It was a long letter, filled with expressions of his regret and sorrow and his continued love for us. He had never tried to get in touch with us because of the shame he thought he had brought upon us. The day I received his letter I cabled him the money for his journey back to London.

I will leave to your imagination the scene of our reunion. Poor father, whose one crime had been committed for the sake of those he loved, had suffered terribly. But now, in his later days, he could find peace, security and the sheltering love of his wife and children.

Thus did our family skeleton come back to life, and never was there a rebirth so joyous and so welcome.



THE HUMAN MACHINE

Choose Your Road and—
Stick to It!

THERE is nothing so important—and nothing so difficult—as for a man to be himself. It may sound easy, but a few moments' thought will probably convince you that you rarely are yourself.

Few of us are. We like to think we are, but at any moment of any day we are, nearly all of us, shadows or echoes of someone else.

To be ourselves, to have the courage to exercise our own powers, think our own thoughts, speak our own and real opinions without fear or favour—that requires a high degree of moral courage.

It means acquiring courage, decision and perseverance. It means being able to march up alone, in cold blood, to the scene of action and being able to keep one's courage to the sticking point the whole way, no matter how loud the jeers and sneers of the onlookers.

It means calculating the risks and weighing the chances and still not being afraid. It means assuming the role of the prophet who never has any honour in his own country.

It means playing a lone hand, not for applause and glory, but because you know by inner conviction that the course you have chosen is the right course.

To exercise intellectual intrepidity you must have convictions. To have convictions you must have a trained mind that can think and reason. You must have self-reliance. You must have a natural antagonism to fraud and deceit and a complete indifference to what other people think as long as your own conscience is satisfied.

If you can achieve all this you will have achieved one of the greatest things open to human beings.



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lemon barley water
you can make or buy—
AND YET YOU GET
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"There's Cream
custard to-day,
Daddy"



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Write for illustrated list of gifts and a Free Coupon to Foster Clark Ltd., Dept. J.B.7, Maidstone Kent.



How I cured my stomach trouble



"I can eat what I please and digest it with ease."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble, with over 20 years' proof of its unfailing efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat whatever you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

**'Bisurated'
Magnesia**
For the Stomach

A FRIEND of mine died the other day. I had known him intimately for many years, and during the whole of that time I never heard him say an unkind word about anyone. His motto was: "If you can't speak good of a person—then say nothing." My Scottish readers will recognise the kinship with their fine old proverb: "It's a gude heart that says nae ill and a better that thinks nane." And yet there are some folk who seem to delight in making mischief. The young man who writes the following letter has discovered that to his cost.

"Three months before last Christmas," he says, "I was sent to prison for six weeks for receiving stolen cigarettes. It was, and will be, my first and only offence. Since coming out I have had two good jobs, but one only lasted four weeks and the other ten weeks, and all because someone had blabbed about my past."

"Then last week I went after other work and received the good news that I could start on Friday, but when I arrived I was told I was not wanted. I asked the reason, but the man would not tell me."

"Later, I discovered that a woman had made a special errand to the shop especially to tell the tale about me, and I must say it has disheartened me because I have never had a bad reference from any previous job."

"The disgrace I have mentioned above happened through mixing with bad company during unemployment. I am twenty-six years old and married, and I would very much like to know what I can do to prevent people from harming me in this way. Can I summons the person responsible or haven't I a leg to stand on?"

Jack Dempsey, in his boxing reminiscences, says that every time he was hit hard he learnt something. My correspondent obviously shares those sentiments. It must have been a sad blow to be sent to prison. And yet that does not make him "take the count." "It was and will be my first and only offence," he says. That is very much to his credit.

But there is some woman trying to stop him making good. I wonder if he knows who she is. If he does, he can't summons her, providing she simply tells the truth and does not enlarge upon it. But he might deal with the matter in a direct way.

He could go straight to this woman and put his case frankly before her. "I have paid the penalty for my crime," he should say, "and all I want is the chance to work honestly for my wife and my home." An appeal of that kind may have its effect and put an end to the trouble.

Another way would be to see the probation officer and ask him to use his influence with that mischief-maker or with any prospective employer. If these things fail, the only other course is for him to leave the district and start afresh in an entirely new neighbourhood.

There may be difficulties before this young man, but with the resolution he possesses I am sure he will win through. It was Browning who held that we "fall to rise, are baffled to fight better." That is the spirit which will not only put this young fellow on his feet, but keep him there.

I REALLY think that those who listen to tales of scandal are as bad as those who recount them. True, there would be far fewer mischief-making pests if there were not so many willing hearers. What beats me completely is that a wife should act in the way mentioned in the following letter. This man writes:

"Three years ago I married the 'best little woman in the world' and our married life was ideally happy until a short time ago. We have no children and so we are more dependent upon each other than is the case of married couples with families."

"Lately I have noticed a difference in



Some folk delight in discussing the past lapses of others—or even inventing them; they should stop to think of the irreparable damage their evil talk causes

And now let us turn to the third problem. This time the letter is from a girl and she writes:

"I should be very glad if you would advise me on a matter that is causing me very great anxiety. I work in a responsible position in the cash department of a large firm."

"About three months ago a new employee was engaged. She seemed a nice girl and we became very friendly. As she said she was lonely I brought her home for a week-end and introduced her to some of my friends."

"I noticed that one of these friends deliberately snubbed the girl, and later she told me the reason. She said that they had worked in the same office and that there had been several thefts. A watch was made, and this girl was seen to take money from a handbag in the cloakroom. She was dismissed at a minute's notice."

"I feel this places me in a terrible position. Ought I simply to overlook this lapse and behave as if nothing had happened, or is it my duty to warn my employers? We are responsible for large sums of money, and I know the head of the department trusts us implicitly."

"And how shall I behave towards the girl? I do not really feel that I can continue to be friendly, but she has already told me she is almost alone in the world, and I feel sorry for her."

Now let me deal with the two questions raised by my correspondent. It is not her duty to tell her employers what she has heard. It would be different if she had recommended this girl for a position with her firm. But they obviously engaged her on her merits and with what references they considered necessary.

THEN, as regards the attitude she should adopt towards her. I have said a moment ago that no one should be condemned without a hearing. This is the line I would advise. I would say to the girl, "You remember one of my friends you met at my home. Well, she told me why you had left your last position."

That would give the girl an opportunity, if she felt inclined, of telling the whole story. She may admit that it was true. She may at the same time give the reasons why she acted in such a way.

But, in any case, it would have this effect. It would put her on her guard in her present employment. She would know that somebody there knew of her lapse and that if anything went wrong her past conduct would tell against her. I don't think my correspondent should break off her friendship. After all, the girl is lonely and the two seem to get on well together. It may mean that a happy association of this kind will prove the turning point in the other's life. Since she was dismissed from her last employment she may have made good resolutions for the future.

And my correspondent would, I am sure, feel amply repaid if she is the means of helping her to keep them.

Send your private problem to "Humanist" at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Mischief Makers

my wife—she seems unresponsive and the old spirit of comradeship has gone. I determined to get to the root of the trouble. The other day I asked her what was the matter—why had she changed in her affection for me. After looking at me in silence for a few moments she blurted out, "What about that other woman?"

"I was dumbfounded, but when I had recovered from my surprise I asked 'What other woman?'"

"Then she said that a friend had told her I was associating with another woman in the town where I work. I love my wife dearly and have always been faithful to her, but mischief-making of this kind, unless it is checked, is going to ruin our happiness."

"She won't tell me the name of the person who has spread this wicked rumour, as she says it was told her in confidence. What can I do?"

NOW if this home life is ruined, that wife, in my judgment, would be responsible. She has come to mistrust her husband and has shown it in her attitude to him. She is "unresponsive—the old spirit of comradeship has gone." And what has caused this change? Simply the "wicked rumour," as my correspondent calls it, of some person.

I dislike intensely accusations against other people that are spoken in confidence. It isn't the British idea of fair play. No one should be condemned without having had the chance of defending himself. Now, if this wife is a sensible woman, she will go to this so-called friend of hers and say, "I have been thinking over what you told me. My husband's honour and the happiness of our home are at stake. In view of these things I do not intend to be bound by the promise of silence and I shall tell him all that you have told me."

That person must be made either to prove her words or withdraw her charge.

I should think that the likely explanation is that this mischief-maker is jealous of the happiness of the young married couple and is trying hard to destroy it. My correspondent and his wife would be very foolish if they allowed her to succeed.

"Ahead of the Best"



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Opinions differ as to the cause of scurf and dandruff but all agree a dry scalp leads to baldness.

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Brylcreem in bottles 9d., 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6. Tubes 1/-, Brylcreem de Luxe 1/6.

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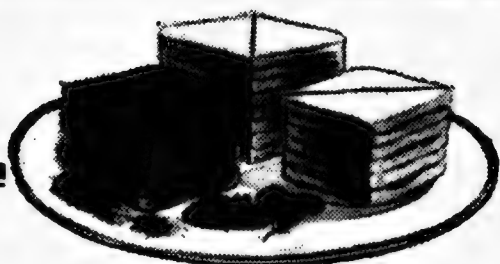
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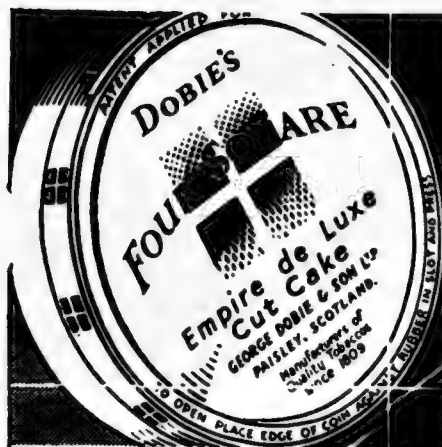
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C.F.H.107

Wise men

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"BUT ONLY ONE TOBACCO . . . once they have discovered which of FOUR SQUARE'S fine blends they prefer!"

★PIPE HINT: Keep two or three pipes going and get better smoking and longer life from each. Clean out a foul pipe with a pipe-cleaner dipped in methylated spirit and let it rest for a month or two.

Empire Mixture (Green Squares) 10½d.	Ripe Brown (Brown Squares) 11d.
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Sold in the new easy-to-open 1-oz. and 2-oz. vacuum tins. All blends are Medium Strength.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

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Eases every pain in a few minutes. Cures Colds in a night. No after-effects—cannot harm the heart. Safe for children. Sold everywhere—3d., 6d., 1/3, 1/2, 1/-.

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BROWNISH BLOND HAIR IN ONE SHAMPOO WITHOUT BLEACHING

Why let drab, colourless hair dull the charm of your face? In one single shampoo treatment you can now make yourself more fascinating by bringing out the sparkling lustre and gorgeous golden glints of your hair. Brownish-haired women are learning from millions of natural light blondes the secret of their lustrous gold-touched hair and how even with one shampoo, without the use of peroxide, the hair becomes several shades lighter and more beautiful, without that artificial look.

This wonderful new shampoo treatment STA-BLOND prevents natural blond hair from darkening and brings back that rich, fascinating golden beauty of childhood to even the dullest and most faded, brownish blond hair—all without the use of peroxide or dyes, camomile or henna. It makes any kind of permanent wave last longer. Ask your hairdresser to give you the STA-BLOND shampoo treatment to-day—or simply use it yourself—and if it is not the best thing you have ever tried just ask for your money back. You will see then why it is the best-selling shampoo in the world. Known abroad as Nurlond and Blondex. Obtainable everywhere.

STA-BLOND
THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO



MAKE-UP WILL NOT HIDE IMPERFECT SKIN!

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Send a post-card to-day for a liberal sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.24 Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4

CREAMS and powder will only partially disguise a blemished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming, spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rash, Blackheads, Insect Bites, or other skin diseases. A few drops of this marvellous preparation gives instant relief. Buy a 1/3 bottle to-day at your chemist.

D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION
Banishes Skin Troubles

Painful PILES Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' Ointment you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

Where is the Nonconformist Conscience?

IS the "Nonconformist Conscience" dead or only sleeping? Are the Free Churches a spent and exhausted power in Britain?

Free Churchmen are asking these questions to-day. They have been waiting for their leaders to speak unanimously and vigorously against Italy's preparations to devour Abyssinia.

To many it seems a test case. In the past the Free Churches have made such protests peculiarly their own. Their leaders have campaigned, successfully often, and always with burning fervour, against the exploitation of the black races by powerful European nations.

To-day, though many zealous voices have been raised from individual pulpits, there is no sign of an organised national protest from the Free Churches, no indication that a deputation is being arranged to confront the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with the indignation of Nonconformity.

Significant

That is why many Free Churchmen are asking, "Has decay already withered the roots and rotted the branches of Nonconformity?"

Let us survey the facts. The Rev. S. W. Hughes, general secretary of the National Free Church Council, claims seven million "adherents and members" for the Free Churches. But many of his eminent colleagues deplore dwindling flocks.

The Methodist Church of Great Britain declined in membership by 1,658 during 1934. Not much for a great national church? Perhaps not. But disquieting for an evangelical church working earnestly among a growing population; a church the sound finances of which, admired and envied by sister churches, are refreshed by the princely generosity of millionaire sons.

More significant is that, during the three years since Methodist union was achieved, Sunday-school members have declined by 133,031. Since the Sunday-school is the obvious nursery of the church, this drastic falling away is serious.

Congregationalists, too, deplore declining numbers. In June the Rev. T. J.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

HERTS AND CAMBS REPORTER:—"The latter batted first and compiled a good score of 137 for 6 wickets. —'s reply was 47 for 8 WICKETS."

THE BULLETIN:—"Early in the morning the light cruisers and the destroyers had slipped out to sea."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"... she gave a cheque for £50 to SMELL the proceeds."

THE SPORTS DISPATCH:—"It is a CAD commentary that so many places in the side must be regarded as doubtful."

THE EVENING NEWS:—"Normally the Embassy is guarded by four carabinieri. To-day the guard was increased to four."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"The second 100 was raised when the WINNINGS had lasted two hours and 50 minutes."

THE OBSERVER:—"There had been no rain to put the WICKED under suspicion, and badly timed strokes with batmen deceived the flight."

BRENTWOOD GAZETTE:—"The postmen of Great Britain will be grappling with the DESTRUCTION of the new Highway Code to all householders."



The Rev. S. W. Hughes (right) claims seven million members for the Free Churches. But what is Mr. Lloyd George thinking?

Williams lamented that "membership of Congregational churches throughout London has declined 16 per cent., and if this rate continues, our denomination will die out in 25 years, and our Church become extinct."

Baptists share the Sunday-school slump.

Recording a local decrease of 2,000 Sunday scholars, the Rev. H. Motley, N.W. Area Superintendent, wondered "whether the Sunday school is an outgrown institution which has no further part to play in the world."

Similarly the influence and importance of organised nonconformity seems to have waned. Before the war the "Nonconformist vote" controlled the Liberal Party, and the great Liberal Party ruled the British Empire.

To-day Lloyd George's "Call to Action," addressed specially to Nonconformists, signed by many of their leaders, has miserably fizzled out.

Past power

There is talk of candidates, hundreds of them, at the General Election. No one really believes it. Not a quarter of the Free Churches accept the manifesto.

To anyone who remembers how the Free Churches swept the Liberals on the crest of a victorious wave to swamp the House of Commons in 1906 the whole thing is pathetic.

That is the gloomy side. But what of the millions who still do worship in the Free Churches? What do they feel and think?

Perhaps the best picture can be obtained by examining the resolutions

passed by delegates sent to the annual gatherings which each Free Church holds, and to the National Free Church Assembly.

From these it is clear that the old passion for righteousness still burns in the rank and file.

They still believe that their politics no less than their prayers should be directed to the realisation of Christ's kingdom on earth.

The delegates vote again and again for disarmament, for a bolder British peace policy, for full support of the League of Nations, against the iniquities of the arms traffic.

The same spirit moves the delegates on home affairs. They denounce the iniquities of the Means Test, the evils of slums and overcrowding, the death penalty, the social injustice of stark unemployment existing side by side with great wealth.

They are certain that this bitter inequality cannot be the will of God.

But Free Churchmen "don't do anything about it"—except pass resolutions.

That is the tragedy of the Free Churches to-day.

They are sheep without a shepherd. They have no great national leaders to rouse them, to unite them in zeal, to plan a campaign in which all their idealism and desire for service could find an outlet in practical results.

With no possible disrespect to the fine, earnest men who now stand at the head of Nonconformity, you cannot compare them with the men of even thirty years ago. They seem shorter in stature than the giants who spoke from their pulpits when the twentieth century was born.

It is not only in perspective that these old men loom grandly on the horizon. Dr. Clifford, Joe Parker, Sylvester Horne and, above all, the first General Booth really stood out significant upon the texture of national life.

What such men did and said was of national importance. You can scarcely say the same of Dr. Norwood, the Rev. Henry Carter, the Rev. Sydney Berry, or the Rev. Elvet Lewis, to take four names at random from those who signed Lloyd George's "Call to Action."

They are four admirable men. When they speak for the bodies which they so ably represent, they are listened to with respect and attention. But no one of them is a tremendous, compelling personality of whom his country takes heed just because it is he who speaks.

They wait..

So the Free Churches wait for a word, an inspiration, a leader.

And, waiting, they grow perhaps too "respectable." The Methodist Conference, the other day, solemnly voted that its President should be robed on ceremonial occasions. Just a tiny sign of which way Methodists are leaning—in favour of decorum and correctitude, a little further away from the burning zeal that was John Wesley.

John Wesley was mobbed, stoned and persecuted. George Fox spent his life founding the Quakers, in jail as often as out. General Booth was the centre of vulgar street brawls and police court prosecutions.

These men burned with an inner fire. They cared not whether they were "respectable." They acted as conscience insisted, counting the cost as nothing. And, so doing, they built up great movements which still live; but which may die unless their same spirit reawakens to lead their people.

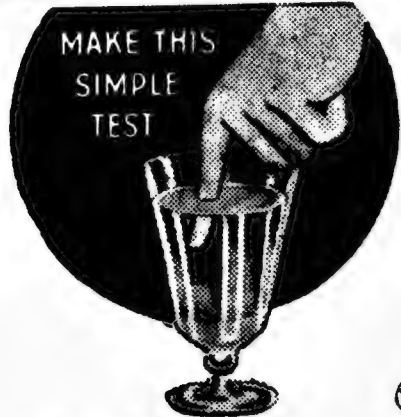
But this present pause will not endure. Sooner or later the leader that Nonconformity is in need of will arise and stir the latent forces of the Free Churches to the accomplishment of the good work that lies awaiting them.

Use unsealed envelope with 1d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

Cut the coupon out now and post immediately. We will pay the postage on the FREE 9d. Tin. AND you'll be amazed at the wonderful relief which even a single dose will give you.

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY of a NEW KIND OF FACE POWDER

French chemists, after years of research, have discovered a new face-powder formula which completely ends shiny nose and greasy-looking skin. It gives a perfect 'matt finish' which lasts for 8 hours. Neither rain nor perspiration can spoil it.



The secret is a new ingredient called 'Double Mousse' now contained in the New Poudre Tokalon. This makes the powder moisture-proof. Prove it for yourself by this simple test. Cover one finger with the New Poudre Tokalon, then dip your finger in a glass of water. Take it out, and notice your finger is not shiny and wet but perfectly dry and 'matt.' The powder withstands the moisture because it contains 'Double Mousse.'

The same thing happens on your face. Your skin cannot become shiny when using New Poudre Tokalon. You can dance for hours in a hot room and have a complexion as fresh and lovely as when you began. Try a box of New Poudre Tokalon to-day and see how amazingly different it is from all other powders because it is the only one with the 'matt finish' secret. The fascinating, girlish beauty it gives you will be the admiration and envy of all your friends. 6d. and 1/- a box.



YELLOW JAUNDICE

Marvelous Relief after Four Operations!
Mrs. Blackburn, 66, Dundy St. Nelson, Lancs., writes:—"I have had four operations, and was all right up to three years ago. Since then I have suffered terribly with my stomach. Last February I had a bad attack of Yellow Jaundice, and doctor said I would have to have another operation for Gall Stones. My mother bought me a 5/- bottle of Vitadatio, and after that I could take my meals without fear, and it feels a pleasure to sit down to a meal now; also to be able to go to bed and sleep. I shall never be without Vitadatio."

If you are a sufferer, Get a Bottle To-day!

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK
Indispensable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Sold by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 5/- and 8/- per bottle, post 6d. extra in U.K. 21/- Export Bottles, post free from VITADATIO Co. Ltd., ARNLEY, LEEDS.

EVERY week in the United Kingdom £1,000,000 worth of chocolate and confectionery is sold or, to express this colossal figure in a different way, 743,000,000 pounds are eaten annually.

All this, despite the fact that people eat very much less starch and sugar in their food than they did in pre-war days, and women have cut down their chocolate ration for the benefit of their figures.

Remarkable as it may sound, men are the sweet-eaters to-day; it is the male tooth that is mainly responsible for the amazing consumption of sweetmeats.

The successful manufacturer of confectionery now studies the tastes of the male population of the country, but less than thirty years ago a man with a liking for sweets would have been considered effeminate. Our grandfathers would have laughed heartily had they been offered a lime drop in place of strong ale.

A few years ago, when the slimming craze among women was at its height, chocolate and sweet manufacturers found themselves faced with a problem of real importance to their trade. And it was this problem, more than anything else, which eventually brought men into the sweet-eating class.

The confectioners and sweet-makers, who are holding an exhibition at Olympia, London, on August 28, played a prominent part in this trade evolution.

They had tried to woo back their vanishing trade with the fair sex by devious and varied methods; with but small success.

Then they conferred and discussed how they might oppose slimming, but found no solution of the problem. It seemed that there was only the children's market to depend upon; but someone had a bright idea—why did not men eat more sweets? he asked.

Finding the sweet

THE old answer to this was because they smoked, but women, it was pointed out, had been both smokers and sweet-eaters for years.

Was there any definite reason why men should not purchase sweets for themselves, just as they did for their wives, children or sweethearts?

It was then suggested that slogan advertising to attract men to sweets might help, but, if this were done, surely they would have to produce a kind of sweet which would appeal exclusively to the male sex?

Again the manufacturers were faced with a problem to which nobody appeared to know a solution.

But the sweet-makers were not to be beaten and, eventually, they tackled the

"Sally is Tired of her Alley"

That is a slogan that ought to make you think of the million-odd kiddies who have to use a lamp-post for a wicket, and lumps of old paper for a football.

Of course Sally is tired of the alley. And so are Tommy and Billy.

The Daily Herald offers a record first prize of £5,000 cash for a slogan that will best bring home to everybody the need for more and more green fields and open spaces for the children to play in.

Get to-morrow's Daily Herald for the entry form on which you can write the slogan that will help to bring the kiddies more sunshine, health and happiness.

MEN have the 'Sweet Tooth' Now



The girl may make them, but it is the man who eats them, mostly, nowadays

question so successfully that men now are larger sweet-eaters than women, and manufacturers are of the opinion that the peak of male sweet consumption has not yet been reached.

Young men, old men, their tastes all vary, and it is no easy task to discover their individual peculiarities. An enormous number of new flavours have to be marketed each year in order to discover the trend of public taste. In fact, in North-East London there is a huge factory which never issues a price list to retailers with less than 2,000 "lines" in it.

And this list has frequently to be revised as constant changes and additions are made.

Closer co-operation between the retailer and the manufacturer would help considerably in gauging the public's tastes, for the retailer has more opportunities to note just what the consumer requires.

Unfortunately, experiments which retailers have been asked to make have not been received very enthusiastically, but it is hoped that their "customer psychology" will be awakened before long.

Some interesting points have been noted, however, and particularly in regard to men customers. It has been found that the most popular sweets with men are mint-flavoured; experiments, therefore, have been carried out with all kinds of these flavours used in different ways.

Mitcham lavender has been world-famous for years, and now experts tell us that from Mitcham mint can be distilled the finest oil of peppermint. It is a fact that there is a great demand for peppermints made from it.

Marzipan, a first favourite with the ladies, is rarely eaten by men, who find it too rich for their palates. It would seem that men, after a smoke, prefer a sweet with a sharp or acid flavour, and

they like to have something they can suck; whereas, a boiled sweet is not of much satisfaction to women, who invariably crunch them, thereby losing the full flavour.

Few people realise the brain-racking and worry that goes on amongst manufacturers in their endeavours to discover what it is the public wants and, even with every peculiarity noted, there is still a big element of chance when a new "line" is put out.

A sweet which the makers think will be enthusiastically received may be a dead failure, and vice versa.

Two years ago there was a definite fashion for old-time confections, such as treacle toffee and peppermint humbugs.

These replaced caramels and sweets of the type in the public taste. But this has died out now, and something entirely new is wanted.

Sticky sweets—toffee, butter-scotch, and the like—are always more popular with children than with adults; this being due probably to the predominance of dentures among the latter.

Men, also, are sensitive to fashions in sweets; more so than women, it is averred.

Many girls will eat chocolates all the year round, but a man insists upon replacing his winter caramels, etc., by thirst-quenchers in the summer time.

Lemon and lime flavours are easy winners in the hot weather period.

What is even more astonishing is that people require different sweets when on holiday; their tastes vary, apparently, according to where the holiday is being spent.

One manufacturing firm, at the beginning of the summer season, issued a list of nearly 200 "Seaside Confectionery Novelties," among them being thirty entirely new 1935 "lines" made especially to appeal to holiday-makers, particularly the male members.

Wrappings are another important consideration, and here again men and women differ in their tastes.

They do like..

WOMEN like gaily-coloured packages; men do not mind whether they are ornamental or not, but they do like neat packages which will go conveniently into any pocket.

Old men, particularly, prefer the neat packets of jubes, jellies and gums which almost every firm makes up in small quantities now. The majority of these packet sweets are sold at railway stations, tube, tram and 'bus termini, which tells its own story.

The increased use of cellophane has been brought about because the public has been educated to a greater belief in hygiene; but children do not bother very much about a cellophane covering; the kiddies are still the greatest purchasers of odd ounces in old-fashioned paper "slippers."

Town and country tastes vary, too. In the country "quarters" are bought rather than made-up packets, and enquiries at a number of village shops tell the same story of the male sweet-eater. They all buy sweets, from grandpa who purchases toffee with his weekly supply of 'baccy, to the young men who demand special sweets for hiking and cycling expeditions.

The open road has its own specialties for there are more than 100 varieties of "motoring" chocolate combinations and sweets on the market this year.

Wills's CAPSTAN CIGARETTES. 10 for 6d., 20 for 11½d., PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN,
they're blended better



-as they say at Mrs Wiggins'

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/4.

TWO COPPERS WILL ARREST THAT PAIN



Yes, if you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism or Nerve Pains, you can get relief for 2d. Two-pence is all you have to pay for a BEECHAM'S BRAND POWDER. Acts just like magic in charming away pain. Equally splendid for Colds and Chills. Get some to-day.

Sold everywhere
Not Laxative

Beecham's Powders

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 powders 1/3d.
Single Powders 2d. each.
A Beecham Product.

Why suffer CARBUNCLES?

Why keep on suffering? "I cured a very large Carbuncle with only one box of Burgess' Lion Ointment," writes Mr. O. (Blackfriars) and scores of thousands of sufferers have proved how sure it is for Boils, Carbuncles, Whitlows, Poisoned Wounds, Abscesses, Piles, Eczema, and even for Bad Legs.

Brings all the infection OUT. So safe, so quick! The trusted remedy for 88 years. Of Chemists, 1/3, 3/4, 5/- per box.

LION OINTMENT 1/3

FREE for ASTHMA and CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH Capsules stop wheezing, choking, gasping; make breathing easy; end overbearing cough! cough! enable you to work and sleep in comfort. Safe relief, quickly. In capsules, easy to swallow. Prove RAZ-MAH in your own case. Buy a 3/- or 5/- packet from your chemist; or, for free trial, write Templeton Co., Dept. AB, 80 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED.
VACANCIES for ladies and gentlemen to form a Xmas Club. Substantial profit. Quality Goods only—and 100% Service. Write Now for 250-page Art Catalogue. Special Terms. Gifts, etc., etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GIFTS TO AGENTS
RAWLINGS
GIFT HOUSE CAMPBELL ST. HULL
The firm that never lets you down

Please, Sir, I'M LOST!

"PLEASE, sir, I'm lost!"

It is a phrase that many a policeman, park-keeper and beach attendant are accustomed to be met with just now—very often accompanied by a few tears.

For this is the season of lost children. They are temporarily mislaid, during the August holidays, at the rate of something like 100,000 a week.

At the most crowded seaside resorts, like Blackpool and Southend, as many as 200 strays often wait reclamation by their parents at a time, usually in the special tents for lost children maintained by the police on the beaches.

These juvenile clearing-houses are not such temples of weeping and screaming as you would expect, because the holiday policeman seems to have a way with kiddies that many a parent might envy.

Plenty of toys

There is hardly a policeman on "lost children duty" who doesn't cheerfully spend his odd pence in cheering up the frightened little girls and boys who have wandered too far in the big world alone, and are waiting to be reclaimed by their mummies.

There are free rations of bulls'-eyes for lost children in most towns, bought, as a rule, not out of public funds, but from the policeman's own pocket. On top of that toys are usually provided—again at Robert's own expense.

In London there is not a police station without a supply of toys, usually of the solid wooden-horse variety—something that can't be broken easily, and that will do duty for many a year.

How is it possible for 100,000 mothers a week to lose their children—or, say, 80,000 mothers, seeing that some of them wander away from school-treats, country outings and the like? You'd be surprised if you knew some of the reasons.

One of the most remarkable cases was surely that of a six-weeks-old baby found in her perambulator on Hampstead Heath on a recent Bank Holiday, and taken to the police tent for lost children. Bulls'-eyes and toys were no solace at all for her, when the pangs of hunger assailed her at feeding-time.

AFTER THE STORM . .

A SNUG room without a draught anywhere. Tasteful furniture, bought over many happy years, with two comfortable armchairs so carefully placed that they might be thrones. A wife—children, maybe.

Then let it rain and rain and keep on raining, as long as nobody goes out in it. Who cares?

There was some such feeling as that in the mind of a North Wales householder recently when incessant rain had been beating a tattoo on his window for three hours. The downpour served but to make his home seem more comfortable.

And then he noticed something at the door that led to the front garden—a mere trickle. Going out to investigate, he found worse. The garden was flooded and the level of water rising as quickly as a tide.

He thought of a broom, but by the time he could get one water was pouring into the room. He fought more and more strenuously to combat it, but with no more success than Canute.

At last he was driven upstairs, forced to sit in idleness while the water, well

Not until three hours after did her distracted mother arrive for her.

Recapturing all the joys of roundabouts, coconut shies and side-shows in one dizzy hour, she had clean forgotten that she had got a baby and had gone off home without it!

A rare case? Not entirely, for there are instances at every big seaside resort in any August week of mothers who have wandered away from their children because they have forgotten, for a time, that they had brought their offspring to the seaside with them.

In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, of course, the children are temporarily lost for very obvious reasons. Mother wanders away in the crowd. Baby follows the wrong woman just as the family has stopped at a refreshment stall.

Baby is "parked" for a moment on a crowded beach near a lamp that will make a good land-mark, and not until mother has finished her bathing does she notice that there are hundreds of such lamps spread along three miles of sea-front.

He-nursemaids!

Then does mother run wild-eyed in the wrong direction, the lost infant emits ear-piercing screams that everybody but her own parents seem to hear, and a policeman arrives to take in the situation at a glance—and a tearful youngster is on its way to the lost children's tent.

Yet there are many unusual cases—almost as strange, some of them, as that of the woman who forgot she had a baby.

An eight-year-old left in charge of

charged with filth, wrought havoc with the prized possessions that made his house into home. Then, when at last the water retreated and he could go downstairs again, what a heartbreaking scene of desolation and ruin met his gaze. . . .

The sort of thing that might happen to you, for this disaster was not the penalty of living in a flood area. A sewer grid had failed to take the onrush of water at a critical moment, and it can happen anywhere.

In his case, however, JOHN BULL paid for the damage; set his mind at rest again.

We would do it for you, too, if you take the precaution he had already taken—sign the form which you will find reprinted on page 34 and send it to us, so qualifying for the wide protection of the unique JOHN BULL free insurance scheme.

Rain, sun, lightning, tempest: every variation of British climate has its dangers. You cannot make yourself immune, but you can protect yourself financially within one minute of turning from these words to page 34.



There is hardly a policeman who wouldn't spend his odd pence cheering up frightened little boys and girls

mother's purse on Brighton sands suddenly took it into her head to go home to London on her own—and did!

At Southend a six-year-old boy actually bribed a friend with sweets to shout his name at the roll-call that was to be the prelude to a return home by motor-coach. He actually hoped—in vain, it proved, for he was found after an hour's search—that he would get another day at the sea on his own.

A very bright boy was the five-year-old who suddenly slipped away from his father and mother in the heart of Scarborough. He had side-stepped into a bank, hoping it would be just as easy to get a few pounds there as it always seemed to be for father when he was at home!

Often children stay unclaimed in the tents for as long as six or eight hours at a time. Cases like that make the authorities think that the parents have lost them deliberately, knowing that the police would be good nursemaids and determined to get a day's holiday away from a troublesome child.

There have been cases where two and even three days have elapsed. The reasons have usually been of a serious kind—a mother giving way to a protracted orgy of drinking, and in one case of parents actually deciding to part for ever while on a day's visit to the sea and leaving the child then and there!

They know now

Fortunately, the modern child is better able to help him- or herself when lost than the children of yesterday, thanks to the fact that at most schools infants are taught to memorise their names and addresses before they know their ABC.

Police reports on lost children used to read something like this in almost every case: "Doesn't know name and address. Mother calls daddy O'd Fatty. There is a baby sister named Alice. Lives in big, red house in a town unknown. Father may be an omnibus driver, as he is described as working a big motor with lots of people in it."

To-day, if a child knows anything at all, it is usually that he is Bobby Smith and lives at Number Two, So-and-So Street, Tottenham, or wherever it may be.



Mr. Shadforth, best known of all dispensing Chemists, is the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilised world and to whom millions of people owe their health and strength and freedom from pain. If you are unfit, run-down, or suffering from one of Shadforth's Prescriptions, you'll never regret it! See Jubilee offer below!

GOING STRONG FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS

HALF-A-CENTURY DEVOTED TO THE RELIEF OF SUFFERING

GET BACK GOOD HEALTH BY ORDERING ANY OF THE WORLD'S BEST PRESCRIPTIONS PUBLISHED BELOW. SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS PROMOTE HEALTH and SAVE YOU DOCTOR'S BILLS. See Special Offer ★

"I commenced dispensing medicines in January, 1884, and since then have probably dispensed more prescriptions than any man living. Millions of people have been served by me. In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions to-day are prescribed by the world's best doctors, and year by year the demand for them increases. Scores of thousands of happy people remember with gratitude the relief which these guaranteed quality prescriptions gave them. What they have done for others they can do for YOU. Prove it by ordering those you need NOW. See my Jubilee Gift Offer!"

★ SPECIAL OFFER to Readers of "John Bull"!

To commemorate more than 50 years' service in the relief of suffering humanity, Mr. Shadforth will send FREE for a limited time only a copy of the "SHADFORTH MEDICAL DICTIONARY," published at 3/6, with every order for any of the prescription remedies published on this page. Seize this unique opportunity by sending the coupon below with your order NOW!

BRIDGING WOMAN'S DANGER YEARS

SHOOT OUT THE PROBLEMS OF MIDDLE LIFE. Just the thing to get you through these difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anemic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 2457—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

CONSTIPATION

BILIOUSNESS, SICK

HEADACHE, LIVER TROUBLES

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache, jaundice, gall stones and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000). Prices: 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

MOTHER! DO YOU KNOW THAT operations on children for ENLARGED TONSILS and ADENOIDS are now definitely out of date?



ENLARGED TONSILS AND ADENOIDS OPERATION RARELY NECESSARY.

A well-known English doctor has drawn up a most successful treatment which can be carried out easily at home. It is causing a sensation in the medical world, and is claimed to be one of the most important recent advances in medicine. This bloodless treatment, which has saved hundreds of operations, is specially dispensed with full directions for 7/6. Ask for the Shadforth Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331/TAB). Septic Tonsils and Nasal obstructions in adults are also conquered without operation, pain, or loss of blood.

MORE FAMOUS WONDER-WORKING REMEDIES WHICH DO YOU NEED?

Order To-day—all with full directions.

- No. 2000 For Constipation, Sluggish Liver, Biliousness. 1/3, 3/-.
- No. 263 For Headache, Neuralgia, and all Nerve Pains. 2/-, 3/6.
- No. 32 For Sleeplessness, Sound Sleep without Drugs. 2/6, 4/6.
- No. 74/T For Acute Gout, Swollen Joints, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Uric Acid Troubles. 2/6, 5/6, 10/6.
- No. 442 The Shadforth Beauty Course gives Bright Eyes and Lovely Complexion. Prices: 3/6 and 6/-.
- No. 331/T For Nasal Catarrh, Cold in the Nose, Hay Fever, Tonsillitis and Flu. 2/6, 4/6.
- No. 394/T Complete Four-fold Treatment for Piles. Price 7/6 and 14/6.
- No. 1064 Special Soap for Acne, Pimples and Sallow Complexion. Price 1/3.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

NO MORE ACIDITY, GASTRITIS OR STOMACH PAINS



Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of Acid Indigestion, have been cured by the "Shadforth" Stomach Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment, which is based on the Dr. Hugh Maclean formula (improved) and used by hospitals for Stomach Troubles.

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

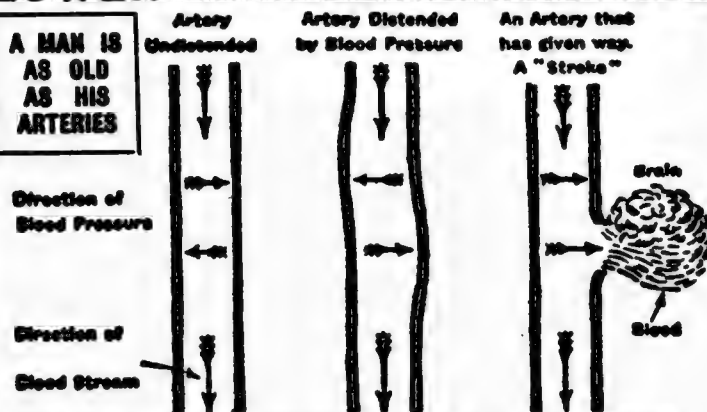
Prices: 2/6 (144, over 3 weeks' supply);

7/- (432 Tablets, nearly 11 weeks' supply).

Make your mealtimes happier.

A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are positively The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion.

LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE



Keep Your Arteries Young, Your Blood Pressure Low and Add Years to Your Life!

Here is a treatment which will lower it, and keep it reasonably low. It is vitally important to keep your arteries young, especially if you are over 40 years of age. Steady heart action, co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries, is now possible for those past their prime. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to restoration and makes you feel years younger. Get it now. Prescription No. 1100/T. Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.



Healthy Heart, Hearty Health,

HEART TROUBLE PALPITATION, HEART AND NERVES SHAKY

Prescription that Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion" or Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops your falling to pieces feeling. Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (Brain Sparklers). (See opposite.)

You can obtain Shadforth Prescriptions from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, your local chemists, or post free at these prices from

SHADFORTH

PRESRIPTION SERVICE LTD., Dispensing Chemists (Dept. J.B.14), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

THAT SUMMER COLD Is not a trifling matter

It is often the first step to Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Cough, Adenoids, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Catarrhal Deafness, and Hay Fever.

You can prevent all this by the prompt use of the "Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment," which has literally worked wonders in thousands of cases. It will give you immediate relief and comfort. Ask for Prescription No. 331/T. Prices: 2/6, 4/6, 8/6. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man from being "laid-up" for days and weeks, the cost of this famous and reliable remedy is very small.



HIS OLD TROUBLE NOW GONE!

He doesn't have to worry now about going away from home. And night disturbances are a thing of the past. For months he suffered hidden agonies, hoping the trouble would get better of its own accord. It rarely does.

CYSTITIS, PROSTATITIS, GRAVEL, GALL STONES, SCALDING, or any LIVER, KIDNEY or BLADDER TROUBLES

are immediately helped by "Shadforth's"—(Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters—Prescription 288). From the first dose you feel that they are doing you good. Comfort steals over the parts. Inflammation subsides. Nights are more restful and you are better. It is all due to the wonderful healing substances prescribed by specialists and compounded under the direction of Mr. William Shadforth, the well-known pharmaceutical chemist. Take this proved remedy now. Ask for Shadforth's. 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

NEURASTHENIA AND NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude.

You can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are conditions and not diseases. The Shadforth Neurasthenia Prescription (No. 470) (popularly known as "Brain Sparklers") acts like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices: 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), and 17/- (300 tablets). This can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days and so on. (See opposite.)

NEVERILL OLD SALTS

(Prescription 555K).

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor away.

The Best Saline for Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, etc. For Sparkling Eyes. Prices: 3d., 6d., and 1/- in airtight canisters.



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by WILLIAM SHADFORTH, F.M.C.

PUBLISHED AT 2/6, and containing 82 pages packed with valuable information. Gives over 4,000 references the meaning of doctor's scientific terms, and suggests single home treatments for complaints and ailments where advisable. THIS BOOK SHOULD BE IN EVERY WELL-RUN HOME.

These advertised prescriptions may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines, together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.

"John Bull," August 24, 1935.

PILES can be Ended

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

ManZan
BRAND
PILE REMEDY

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3/- at Hoots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, and all chemists and the guarantee protects you.

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THE BIG TWO
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The Law I'D Change

I ONCE gave every penny in my pocket to help an old hawker whose three sons were killed in France.

Embarking on a 30 miles' walk because I had no money left, I fell asleep by the wayside. A hand touched me, I was arrested! My crime—I hadn't a shilling as visible means of support!

How could charity have made me a criminal? I'd change any law that held a man with two shillings more honest than a man with ninepence. — *Er-R.A.F., Epsom.*

Improvements

I would change the income-tax law which allows the business owner to make a deduction for money spent upon improvements—building alterations and modernisation of machinery—but does not permit the professional man to claim relief in the same way.

Surely the money spent upon educational courses, further examination expenses, qualifying for degrees, buying up-to-date books of study, and so on, is also "improvement."—*F. V., Stamford Hill, N.*

Rates Scandal

Although I may have paid my rent regularly and conscientiously discharged all my obligations, yet should my landlord fail to forward the rates due on my home I immediately become liable to be summoned, and even to have my furniture seized.

The fact that I can recover by weekly deductions from my rent provides but little compensation for the suffering inflicted upon my household through another's neglect.

It's unjust—and I'd stop it.—*Mrs. D. P., Raynes Park.*

Encouraging Deceit

I'd change the law which makes adultery the only ground for divorce.

In many cases good and genuine reasons for divorce undoubtedly exist, which are never brought forward because the law would not acknowledge them!

Until the parties concerned are encouraged to present the real facts of the case, collusion, manufactured evidence and perjury will continue, in spite of the King's Proctor and all his minions.—*G. W., Westward Ho!, Devon.*

Hideous Nights

The view expressed by the Dean of York that wireless is rapidly becoming a social curse must be held by many thousands of nerve-racked citizens.

A motorist may incur a fine by sounding his horn after 11 p.m., but the inconsiderate wireless fiend can go on annoying his neighbours with a continual blare all night.

I'd enable the police to prevent anybody making the night hideous.—*K. B., Liverpool.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

THE coughing epidemic, which is much the same in horses as in human beings, and runs through a stable like 'flu sweeps a household, has raised visions of an outsider for the St. Leger.

I hope, and it is extremely probable, that Bahram will be fit and well by September 11, and will add his name to the brief list of triple-crown winners, but it is as well to look over the names of the horses left in the final classic.

Fair Trial, the Beckhampton outsider, had a slight cough and is better, but I prefer to suggest two or three candidates who have not contracted the ailment.

A few years back, Singapore—when quoted at 40 to 1—was put up as the JOHN BULL St. Leger selection. Singapore won—at 4 to 1.

Singapore was owned by Lord Glanely and trained by Capt. Hogg at the Grange, Newmarket.

The same stable shelters Buckleigh, a son of the Derby winner Sansovino, and I note that the colt has been doing long-distance work of late.

St. Leger Latest

Assignment—by Son-in-Law—has an outside chance.

There are over sixty horses left in, but, apart from the coughing brigade—Bahram, Hairan, Plassy, Field Trial and Flash Bye—they are a poor lot.

Doreen Jane stands as my selection for the Ebor.

At Hurst Park, Bideford Bay is my choice for the Hyperion Stakes, while Totalg and Ca-Ca-Ce should win their respective races.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 22, to Wednesday, August 28.

L W N G E D V Z R T F 94 M P

H J I S O Y 87 Q C B A K X U

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: TFLCKX would read BAHRAM. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. GIE294OC would read SNOOKER.



A Miner Speaks

I would change the Coal-Miners' Compensation Act, which is terribly inadequate, and doesn't provide a reasonable existence level for men maimed in our most important of industries.

If a miner is injured, his compensation is based on his earnings for so many weeks previous. With the pits working only short time, the compensation is practically nothing, as the maximum when working full time is only 30s. And so hundreds of colliers continue working when they should be consulting their doctors.

It's a danger to themselves and their mates.—*H. C., Alfreton.*

degrees, is wickedly unjust.—*C. J., Tottenham, N.*

Law's Distinctions

The rich man can bet to his heart's content all day, from his club, because he has a credit account. But if some poor man tries to "get a bob on" for cash, he is liable to a fine or imprisonment.

I would change absurd and hypocritical betting laws where they provide one law for the rich and another for the poor.—*T. C., Brighton.*

Youth's Chances

As a schoolmaster with twenty-five years' experience, I have seen thousands of schoolchildren of fourteen plunged into the already overcrowded labour market, often replacing wage-earners with dependents and providing unskilled labour for a mere pittance.

Such children would be far better off in a technical school learning a trade, and I would do my best to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen.—*Schoolmaster, Salop.*

His Will

When I married, 43 years ago, my husband was a colliery manager in South Wales. We brought up seven children, each with a secondary school education, four of my sons becoming doctors.

During our marriage we had to struggle to educate all our children. Then we fell on bad times. When we touched rock-bottom, there came sudden wealth. As aunt of my husband died in the States, He went over. He died there.

From his will he cut me right out—he bequeathed all to some foreign butterfly. I can do nothing. Such is the law—the law I'd change.—*"Grandma," Llangham.*

This Equality

I'd stop breach of promise actions. In these days women claim absolute equality with men, demand equal rights and have no hesitation in jumping into a man's job. Yet the law allows a woman to claim damages, often heavy, for a broken promise, for which the poor male cannot claim anything. An end to the anomaly.—*A. D., Denbighshire.*

The Widows' Pensions Act excludes the widows of men who did not pay National Health Insurance. I'd stop that unfairness.—*Widow, Staffordshire.*

I'd stop the continual draining of public money to pay pensions for ever to the descendants of people who fought in battles a hundred or more years ago.—*M. H., Aspatia.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Longsacre, London, W.C.2, by first post.

Tuesday, August 27.

The Person I Envy Most—and Why



I thought it was Kidney Trouble . . . **then discovered my BACK-ACHE** WAS DUE TO MY INFLAMED **LUMBAR NERVE**

Read Her Letter!

"I feel I must write and tell you how much I owe to Dr. Cassells Tablets. Six months ago I was suffering agonies with 'Kidney Trouble.' I spent a small fortune on different remedies, but they did no good. The pains in my back nearly drove me frantic—I could not sleep, my appetite went, and I grew weaker every day. I thought I was in for a bad breakdown, when I happened to see your picture of the Lumbar Nerves in the paper, and realised what my trouble was. I bought a small bottle of Cassells, and took two tablets the same night. I slept soundly for the first time in weeks, and awoke refreshed, with scarcely any pain. I continued with Dr. Cassells, and to-day can truthfully say I have never felt better in my life."

Mrs. E. P., London, S.E.

YOUR LUMBAR NERVE

The anatomical diagram on the right illustrates how your Lumbar Nerves radiate from an important group which run down the spine. When these nerves become debilitated acute Backache and Lumbago result, often mistaken for "Kidney Weakness."



Various treatments cost her far more than she could afford . . . yet she was no better. Then she found it was her NERVES causing those unbearable waves of pain. At once she started to take Dr. Cassells Tablets. This wonderful Nerve Treatment broke the awful tension, stopped the pain, and rapidly strengthened her whole nervous system. Hundreds of thousands of Nerve sufferers have been completely restored by Dr. Cassells Tablets. Your nerves, too, need the proved NERVE FOODS in Dr. Cassells Tablets, and your blood needs the life-giving Mineral Salts and well chosen BLOOD TONICS. The Dr. Cassells formula is absolute proof why you will speedily find glorious health and vigour.

FAIR-PLAY OFFER!

Get a 1/3 box from your Chemist. Save the Carton. If not entirely satisfied send it to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your money will be returned in full.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
 6d., 1/3, 3/6, & 5/6.

For HEAD PAINS, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, INDIGESTION, LUMBAGO, SLEEPLESSNESS, SCIATICA, ANAEMIA, ETC.

EVERY INGREDIENT YOU NEED!

IRON GLYCEROPHOS

Improves nerve nutrition. Invaluable for the treatment of Chlorosis and Anaemia.

SACCHAROMYCES CEREVISIAE

Vitamin content promotes the development of muscular tissues and nerves, and improves general health.

KOLAE SEMINA

Possesses powerful tonic properties. Relieves pain at once. Acts as a cerebral stimulant, clears the brain, banishes depression.

CALCIUM HYPOPHOS.

Assists in general nutrition. Helps to neutralise excess stomach acids.

MAN. et MAG. HYPOPHOS.

The first of these two ingredients is a powerful nerve stimulant; the second an antacid and laxative.

CALCIUM PHOSPHATE

Essential to healthy bone-building. Three-quarters of the mineral matter in your body is composed of this substance.

SALICIN et PEPSIN

Salicin increases the flow of saliva and improves appetite; Pepsin increases the digestive power of the Gastric juices.

SOD. PHENOL-P-SULPHONAS

This ingredient keeps the entire digestive and intestinal tract sweet and clean and purifies the blood.

TO-DAY! Start a Course of
DR. CASSELLS TABLETS
 BRAND
The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

THIS WOMAN



MRS. M. COOK, 20, COLNE RD., EARBV. NR. COLNE, IS ONE OF OVER 70 ENTRANTS WHO HAVE WON "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD FIRST PRIZE OUTRIGHT. WHY SHOULDN'T YOU BE THE NEXT TO CAPTURE A LIFE PENSION, A FORTUNE AND FREE HOLIDAYS?

NOW...
WHAT ABOUT YOU?

£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE
£400
£50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE
This year and next

GREAT NEW 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PENSION FIRST PRIZE... OR £730 CASH

£150
HOLIDAY CASH
BETWEEN
RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD value £2

A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope.

Unlimited SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer TO BE RECEIVED DATE RESULT APPEARS IN "JOHN BULL"

HERE is your one last opportunity to win a huge 3-in-1 Holiday Crossword First Prize—and you have only a few days in which to complete your squares.

Your giant reward for spending an interesting hour or so with the absorbing puzzle on this page may well be a Life Pension of £6 a month, a fortune of £400 in cash, and a £50 Holiday cheque this year and next! Scores of entrants have already captured a huge "John Bull" Crossword First outright—a little extra care and common-sense in dealing with the entertaining Clues below can bring this last Holiday First of 1935 to you. Pay close attention to each word of them, for by hasty reading you are certain to miss small points of big importance.

In addition to this week's huge 3-in-1 First Prize, notice that the fine sum of £150 is waiting for Runners-up, amongst whom there are useful Bonuses, value £2 each, for distribution as detailed above. Every Surprise Award, too, carries with it a £1 Bonus Offer for those who just miss the list of Runners-up.

On Thursday, September 5, a Joy Wire may well bring you a First Prize message from "John Bull"—but only if your squares reach Long Acre by Thursday, August 29.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £6 monthly, £400 in cash and a Holiday Cheque this year and next of £50 (or a lump sum of £750) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contests will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale, Thursday, September 5, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 12.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 317.

Winners in Crossword No. 316 appear in page 25. Winners in Crossword No. 317 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 317 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims for prizes are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

- ACROSS**
1. Is pay-day to some and half-holiday for most
 6. Often contains this number
 7. Is uttered when full of regret
 9. Use core of core
 10. Take hit from right
 11. Capital for high-spirited people
 13. Attractive one accounts for crowd round orator
 15. When they feel heavy it's hard to move them
 16. Centre of Asia
 17. Are to be removed from wares
 18. Nearly new
 20. What one gets out of this depends on what's
 22. Subtract article from add
 23. Acorns drop from it
 25. Try prefix meaning three
 27. Shakes you up when driving on rough road
 28. Outnumber women in Parliament
 30. Its ear provides goldfish with breakfast
 32. Worn with collar
 34. Mighty continent
 36. Ingot with in out
 38. Half salt and found in soda
 39. Two strings to this are better than one
 40. Scorching days bring demand for this

- DOWN**
1. Its coming may be a thundering nuisance
 2. Aeroplanes are equipped with this kind of engine
 3. Both ends of town
 4. One often stretches a little with these
 5. Smart youngsters make good ones
 8. Ghost may make even heaviest do this
 12. Champion player makes occasionally
 13. Thin sheet of metal is useful for this
 14. Very old
 17. Usually concerned in coal mining questions
 19. You'd take it back quickly if you found an open seam in it
 21. Take ends of knot
 24. Rise up
 26. In tram and half rate
 28. Ups and downs are marked upon
 29. It splutters when crossed
 31. Disabled car needs this to garage
 33. Telephone receiver is held close to
 35. Take pin from piano
 37. Cut tape in two and baby thanks you

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

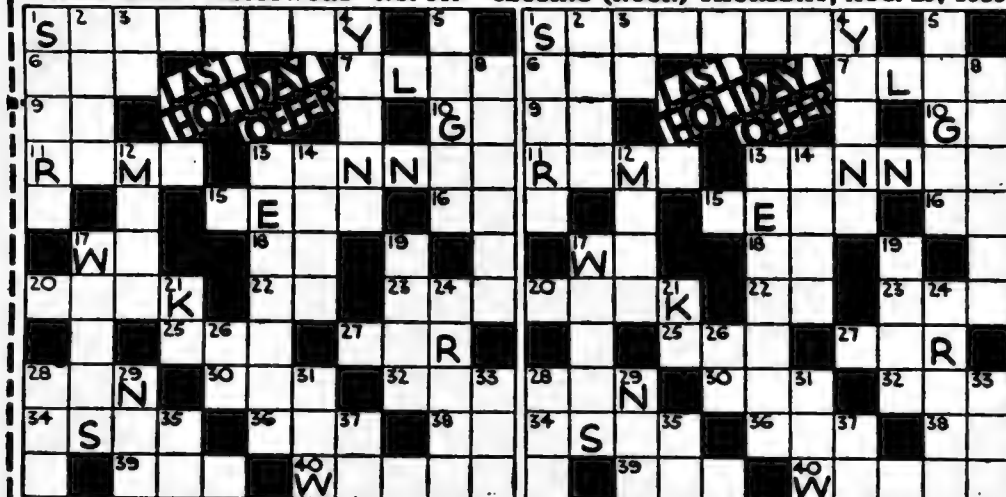
- 1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s/ Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 29, 1935.
- 2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENCE ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."
- 3.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 4.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 12, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, September 24, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.
- 5.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £750 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.
- 6.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.
- 7.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.
- 8.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.



KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solution.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD NO. 319—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1935



JB 319
In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

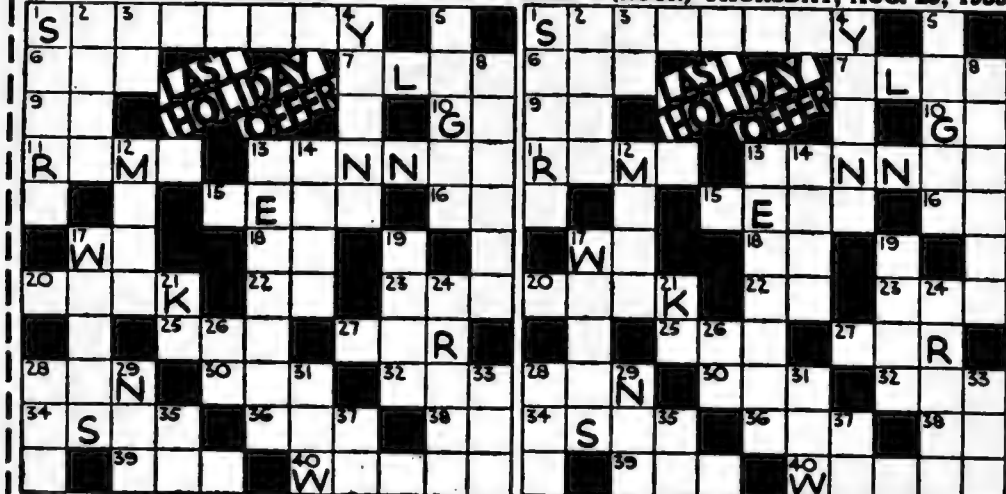
ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 319—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1935



JB 319
In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS "John Bull" Crossword No. 319, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

FREE Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address, Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the News agent from whom this contest's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull."



THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



G. W. (Wembley).—"Most swimming pools are fitted with shower baths." In some, however, the showers are provided by rotund divers landing horizontally on the water and their embonpoints.

Mr. T. (Chelmsford).—"Can you guess what the bill for our annual summer holiday came to?" Yes, you.

F. T. (Blackfriars).—"Girls who go in for boxing must be a strange type." Striking, in fact.

W. S. (Ealing).—"Do they ask much for rent in your part of London?" Twelve times a year.

N. C. (Dudley).—"Anybody can ask a lot of question, but a man must be clever to answer them, mustn't he?" Yes.

S. N. (Barnet).—"It is possible to get a shock from an electric bell." And from an electric bill.

FATHER (Uppminster).—"Because my son hadn't done his homework well, I wouldn't let him go to the concert." Did that teach him a lesson?

R. S. (Yarmouth).—"My little girl pestered me so much that I simply had to let her have a donkey ride." And did you find her very heavy?

APIARIST (Bournemouth).—"The competent beekeeper is likely to get a swelled head." So is the incompetent one.

FIREMAN (Birmingham).—"I was called out to fires that did not exist three times in one day." So you were put out instead?

HOSTESS (Weston-super-Mare).—"I recently offered one of my home-made pies as a prize in a bridge contest." Who won the rubber?

HOPEFUL (Manchester).—"I have just thought out a new kind of magnet, by which I ought to make some money." You want to pick up a living by it.

A. B. (Cheltenham).—"By following the footprints, the police arrested the man within half an hour of the crime." A fast track.

COLONIAL (Maida Vale).—"No stay-at-home Englishman knows the thrill of roughing it in the bush." Don't we? You should have seen us hunting around for gooseberries in the garden the other day.

D. M. (Canterbury).—"An American inventor is experimenting with a robot barge controlled by wireless waves from the shore." It certainly will be a triumph if he produces an automatic lighter that really works.

ARMY DOCTOR (Manchester).—"When my soldiers were ill in India I used to lay them outside in a circle about the Union Jack, where they shortly regained their strength." You mean they soon rallied round the flag?

THE KID

G. K. (Rye).—"Punting and swimming are ideal river pastimes." Not when taken together.

DOCTOR (Frome).—"Those men who wear open-necked shirts always feel free." They have no ties.

H. O. (Thirsk).—"The marker made a great fuss when I scored a big break at billiards." He chalked it up?

JUST MARRIED (Basingstoke).—"When is generally the first time a young husband stays out late?" The last!

B. N. (Southampton).—"I spent the whole of the cruise stretched out on a deck-chair." Lassitude and longitude.

PUNTER (Newmarket).—"It is always risky to put a bit on a strange horse." Especially if it is inclined to bite.

A. W. (Plymouth).—"I have invented a toothbrush which you can let fall, bend double, twist or hit with a hammer." Can you brush your teeth with it?

TOM B. (Chislehurst).—"Regularly for years, as a gardener, I haven't done more than three days' work a week." A case of day in and day out apparently.

S. E. I. (Cromer).—"I'm afraid my young brother is going to take the tennis cup from me this year." His youth is serving him well, then.

R. C. (Leicester).—"The sun caused the felders to make many blunders while I was batting yesterday." Glaring mistakes?

F. S. (Normanton).—"Seven days is really much too short for a holiday." And most people are much too short to make it longer.

N. E. (Ware).—"I think it was expecting too much of me to saw through a tree-trunk 3 feet in diameter by myself." It was a bit thick.

"HOLIDAY" (Crief).—"Anglers in search of a catch like to find a nice green bank." So do business men in search of an overdraft.

S. W. (Brighton).—"I read the other day that two gangsters on holiday in the mountains were struck by a thunderbolt." We are led to believe that it escaped practically unhurt.

ASSISTANT (Crewe).—"The manager of the tailor's shop where I work was very annoyed because I did not prevent a customer from throwing a suit into the street." And did you follow suit?

A. M. (Poole).—"Are London policemen really wonderful?" Turn to page 35 and you may soon be seeing them for yourself, as a *Bullets* "Week-end Millionaire." But leave your £600—behind—the shops are the best in the world!

H. C. (Pitsea).—"I always hang a cabbage-stump in the chicken-run just high enough that the birds have to jump to reach it. It is good for them." It keeps their peckers up.

B. W. (Ashton Clinton).—"When a cashier is guilty of embezzlement he must dread the time when the auditors are due to examine the books." He fears the day of reckoning.

TRAVELLER (London, W.).—"There is nothing more terrifying than the howl of a wolf outside a lonely cabin." The scream of an instalment collector who catches his finger in the hastily shut front door is also very haunting.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

8 INCHES OFF WAISTLINE

LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER

A Youth-O'-Form Health Belt will make you appear slimmer AT ONCE, and in 7 days your waistline will actually be 3 inches smaller—3 inches of fat and "bulge" gone—or it won't cost you a penny. The Youth-O'-Form Health Belt produces results superior to dangerous drugging, starvation dieting, exhausting exercises—that sap your strength—because it is specially designed as

A SURGICAL UPLIFT REDUCING BELT

Loose, fallen abdominal muscles are strengthened and go back where they belong. Every movement of your body causes a gentle, changing pressure, bringing results like regular massage.

The easy, constant, alternating action of the Belt encourages elimination and regularity in a normal way, without the use of purgatives.

The belt supports the abdominal wall and keeps the digestive organs in place—it quickly gives you an erect, athletic carriage, and greatly increases vigour and endurance.

LET US PROVE OUR CLAIMS

We will send you a Youth-O'-Form Health Belt ON 7 DAYS' TRIAL. If you don't get results, the trial costs you nothing.

Send a stamped addressed envelope for illustrated folder and self-measurement form.

Address:

YOUTH-O'-FORM HEALTH BELT

Dept. J.B.,

246 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

ANAEMIA GENERAL DEBILITY, NERVE, LIVER, & KIDNEY TROUBLES SLEEPLESSNESS, &c.

First Distribution in this Country of 25,000 Trial Supplies with Explanatory Treatise of Dr. Varkoff's Amazingly Successful Treatment.

Much careful negotiation and no small expense has been involved in arranging for the introduction of Dr. Varkoff's discovery into this country. Benefit to British sufferers from Anaemia, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression, Nerve, Liver and Kidney Troubles, etc., has now been definitely and finally assured by this famous Continental Specialist, who insists, however, on the most careful preparation of his formula under the most highly qualified Chemists. Happily all the conditions for the approved manufacture of Dr. Varkoff's Vitamin B Liver Extract in tablet form (Dr. Varkoff Brand Tablets) have now been arranged. The Tablets are now available to the British Medical Profession and the Public. The NEW RICH BLOOD created by this Treatment has ensured amazing results in had cases of Anaemia and General Debility. You may obtain a free sample of Dr. VARKOFF Brand Tablets, together with the Famous Specialist's Treatise. Fill in and post coupon below.

TO VARKOFF PROPRIETARIES LTD., DEPT. J.B., CAERNARVON.

Please send me Free Trial Supply of Dr. Varkoff Tablets. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage and packing.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

COMPLAINT

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

The Graves Lady's "FLORANT" Model is the most valuable the world can offer—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, all bright parts Chromium Plated, Raised Handbars or to order, Open Centre Metal Chain Cover, Double Roller Lever Brakes, Rear Reflector, Set of Accessories. Carriage Paid £3.17.6 or 5/12 now and 12 monthly payments of 5/2. Gent's model same price. No charge for Easy Terms. With Starmer Archer 3-Speed £4.17.6 or 4/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juvenile's, & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.





An actual photograph of the fire which destroyed the home of Mr. W. M. Davies, a JOHN BULL reader.

TOLL of the Flames

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE FOR
READER WEEK AFTER REGISTRATION

FASTER and still faster the Wrexham Borough Fire Brigade raced to Rhos. Four miles had to be covered. Arriving at Rhos they found a raging inferno had got its grip on a house.

For hours the men of the brigade battled with the flames. They saved five adjoining cottages, but the house was completely gutted.

This house, 24, Church Street, Rhos, was the home of Mr. W. M. Davies and his family.

Mr. Davies, a registered reader of JOHN BULL, remembered with relief that his furniture and belongings were safeguarded against Fire Damage by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift. ONLY A WEEK PREVIOUSLY he had filled up the forms similar to those which appear below, and JOHN BULL promptly despatched a cheque to him. Read Mr. Davies' letter:—

"Through the prompt reply to my telegram to JOHN BULL the day after a fire had completely burned out my home together with my furniture and personal belongings, and through their great kindness and courtesy, I have been relieved of all further worry, though I had only had one delivery of JOHN BULL, only having registered on July 17th, and the fire took place on the 24th. My full thanks are

"John Bull"—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

due to them for their great consideration."

IS YOUR HOME SAFEGUARDED? ARE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY PROTECTED? If not, then sign the forms below AT ONCE.

JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, to pay Sickness Benefit and to add a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to EVERY benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing. Your home is also safeguarded against damage by lightning.

JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance Gift protects you and yours against numerous other common perils, too, including Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Children's Accidents and Loss by Burglary.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers and their families continue to be covered by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days.

The only condition is that in the event of an application arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

THIRD... SECOND... FIRST!

No Wonder the Woman
Reporter got Busy



NEWs of a big *Bullets* success spreads quickly in a small town. In fact, soon after I had called for a chat with our 992nd *Bullets* First Prize-winner, writes a JOHN BULL man, a woman reported called on behalf of a local newspaper.

Out came my camera—and here you see Mr. A. B. Cassford, 71, Broadway, Sandown, Isle of Wight, telling her how he won £800 and free £50 Holidays. This was his fine double reward for the solemn but inspiring *Bullet*, *VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY—LAST BREATH "FILLS SAILS."*

For six years, Mr. Cassford told me, he has worked as a general mechanic in Clark and Sons' cycle shop, but it has been the hobby he took up early in 1933 that has put cheque after cheque in his bank account.

Commencing with a "Target" prize with his first entry, this young married man worked steadily away at *Bullets* in his spare time and soon proved his ability. After securing Third Prize of £25 and a Radio in our 919th Contest, he carried off the £50 Second Prize in *Bullets* No. 929, and now he has climbed to the peak of the prize-list.

Do not imagine from this splendid record that young Mr. Cassford has any magic formula for making prize *Bullets*, for there is no such thing. "With faith in the judges," he declared, "and a careful watch on the winners, it's just a way you get into if you keep at the job."

Contrasting strongly with Mr. Cassford's progressive successes, a Northumberland miner captured the Second Prize after nothing greater than "Target" awards.

He is Mr. H. L. Hopkin, 24, Second Single Row, North Sea-ton Colliery, Newbiggin, and

"... and then I got to the top!"

a £50 cheque was his reward for his thoughtful, well-balanced *Bullet*, *NURSES—PAID TRIBUTES—PAY'S INSULT.*

"I made and remade my winning effort twelve times before I was satisfied," Mr. Hopkin told JOHN BULL. "For four months now I have been making *Bullets* on my return from my shift down the pit. I always work on them at nights, for during the day our baby won't let me!"

A telling *Bullet* about babies carried off Third Prize in this Contest—and it was the work of a bachelor, Mr. G. T. Wignall, 3, Charles Terrace, Mace Street, London, E. His was the neat £25 effort, *SOMETHING DIFFERENT—YET LIFE'S "REPUTATION," BABY.*

"I was determined to win a big prize," declared this young upholsterer. "For six consecutive weeks I received 'Targets' and they convinced me that I was on the right track."

Mechanic, miner, upholsterer—these winners are typical of the *Bullets* family—the men and women who match their wits each week in friendly rivalry for our big prizes. Indeed, whatever your walk in life, there is nothing to prevent your walking off with this week's fine First Prize of £600 cash and a Millionaire's Week-end in London for Two!

THE "BIG 3" AGREE!

You have read about three big winners on this page and seen the neatness of their *Bullets*. But if they had competed without the free aid and encouragement of *Bullets Bulletin*, they agree that they might never have been able to make up their successful efforts.

If you could chat with these three winners, they would all give you the same recipe for success. "Send for *Bullets Bulletin*," they would tell you. "It helped us to win and it will help you."

Take their good advice. Post off to-night the Reservation Coupon on opposite page or enclose it with your *Bullets* entry this week!

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 993

First Prize—£600 Cash and Week's Free Motoring

W. WILKINS, 10a, Westboro' Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

Example: ANOTHER WAR

Bullet: CIVILISING BLACKS? BLACKENING CIVILISATION!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

W. JESSE, 26, Westbourne Road, Penarth.

Example: Man In A Cell

Bullet: Wrong "Turning" Against Him.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

E. J. PUTLAND, 9, Winders Road, Battersea, S.W.

Example: Fourteen Days

Bullet: Holidaymakers Deserve. "Imprisoning" Pets.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: W. H. TALLIS, 4, Christchurch Road, Dartford, Kent.

Another War—Coming? Recall "Those Gone"

£10: C. STOTT, 7, Evelyn Place, Armley, Leeds.

To Rescue Her—Dived Clothed—Lost "Trousers"

15 OF £5 EACH:

T. W. J. ATKINS, 27, Picton Place, Cardiff.

Blind Justice—Dust Of Ages—Mustn't.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. M. BROWN, 51, Lincoln Road, Luton, Beds.

When Mussolini Says "No!"—Please, Geneva—Don't "P-p-please"

Miss H. CAVILL, "Braehed," Hawthorn Street, Wilmshlow, Cheshire.

Like A Bloodhound—Village "Tabby," Scenting "Tit-bits."

P. A. COOPER, 23, Philip Road, Bescot Grange, Walsall.

Beauty Queen—Bouquet Real—"Roses" Weren't!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Miss A. CUSSENS, c/o Mrs. Hay, Sea View Farm, St. Eval, St. Issey, Cornwall.

Cool Head—Fireman's—Auntie's Heart's "Aglow."

L. EDMONDS, 7, Milton Terrace, Swansea.

Another War—"Breaking Out!" Noisy

"Escaping."

A. HAWKES, 2, Little Lane, West Bromwich.

Man In A Cell—"Throwing Away Key"—Believer.

Mrs. R. HAWKINS, 31, Kenlor Road, Totting.

Father's Marrow—Made Zeppelin "No!"

W. HAZELL, 41, Plympton Road, London, N.W.

Easy To Start—Gossip—Don't Get "Handle!"

Mrs. C. JEFFERY, 130, Salisbury Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.

Listening To The Band—Mother—To Band-

man, Daughter.

V. MACE, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.

Another War—Unavoidable.

"Evasion" Stops

A. C. MONK, 2, Myrtle Villas, Malling Road, Snodland, Kent.

Demon For Work—My "Angel"—"Heaps Of Coals."

C. B. MURRAY, 102, Manley Road, Manchester.

Like A House On Fire—Preparations For "Conflagration"—Proceeding.

H. L. SAWYER, 15, Redford Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

If We Had More—Food—Passing Doctor's "Plate."

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. E. WHALLEY, 40b, Preston New Road, Blackburn.

Won't Go Home—Thousand—Mu. Shun? Folly Will.

A list of 30 £5 10s and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

CONTINUITY BONUSES.—Cheques for 25 each have been duly despatched to the competitors who qualified for this extra payment as announced in connection with "Bullets" No. 991.

JOHN BULL'S

GREAT

PEN...

OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE

3d



Wanted 4



THEY KNOW—

THE ENDLESS THRILLS OF A MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END, for Mr. Mace, 91, Adelaide Road, Edgeley, Stockport, and his fiancée enjoyed one as part of the First Prize in BULLETS No. 961. What Mr. Mace did,

SO CAN YOU!

997

CELEBRATE "BULLETS" No. 1,000 IN MILLIONAIRE STYLE!

SOON all records in Competition history will be shattered by the launching of Bullets' 1,000th consecutive Contest—and JOHN BULL's memorable celebrations of the great occasion are starting with to-day's giant one-week offer! To celebrate Bullets No. 1,000, both this week's £600 First Prize-winner and the £100 Second Prize-winner will be privileged to bring a chosen companion to London for a glorious Millionaire's Week-end at JOHN BULL's expense.

All that London can offer in a week-end of luxury, interest and thrills is included in the programme. Even though you may live in London already, this Celebration Week-end of thrills and entertainment would be one of the pleasantest experiences of your life.

These two splendid double awards are supported by no fewer than 11,048 other prizes in this huge one-week offer alone—and these include 1,000 unique "Bullets No. 1,000" Celebration Surprises.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a Bullet, read carefully through the Examples and jot down all the ideas that strike you in connection with them. You have now to compress each rough idea into TWO, THREE or FOUR words, which express your meaning clearly and link closely with the Example.

Suppose, for instance, you were working on the Example WITH A KICK. Your first rough note might be Geneva—Or Whole World Ruined. This you could readily compress and improve to the finished Bullet, WITH A KICK—GENEVA—OR CIVILISATION "FOOTBALL."

Before beginning on your own Bullets study closely the winning efforts on the previous page.

If you can appreciate the ingenious phrasing of these successful efforts there is no reason why you should not become one of the four Bullets Week-end Millionaires in your next ten minutes with the Examples—provided your entry is in by Saturday, August 31.

BULLETS' WEEK-END 'MILLIONAIRES' . . . TO CELEBRATE OUR 1,000th OFFER!

£600
MILLIONAIRE'S
WEEK-END FOR TWO

BIG
2 IN 1
SECOND
PRIZE

£100

and
MILLIONAIRE'S
WEEK-END
FOR TWO

Your

MILLIONAIRE'S CELEBRATION
WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO

To celebrate 'BULLETS' No. 1,000, winner and chosen companion will travel First Class to London to enjoy a glorious week-end of thrills and entertainment, including tour of London, theatre, celebration dinner with other "Millionaire Week-enders" and Competition Editor, also visit to Long Acre. All at "John Bull's" expense, including luxurious car and hotel accommodation.



£30 £20 £10
10 of £5 10 of £2.10s

25 of £1
2,000 "RED SEALS" • 8,000 "TARGETS"

1,000 SURPRISE AWARDS

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

IN EUROPE'S CAMP
LEAGUE MACHINERY
APPEALS TO ME
LIFE'S A.B.C.
UNDAUNTED
ANYTHING FOR PEACE
MILLIONAIRE'S PROBLEM
OVERDOING IT
RECORDING ANGEL
"WHY?"
OUTPOST OF EMPIRE
TREMBLING WITH DELIGHT
AN EXTRA
PUTTING HIS FOOT DOWN
SONNY'S NIGHTMARE
GIRL IN THE TRAIN
HAPPY BAND
ENOUGH TO GO ROUND
WHEN FREE
MAN WITH A REVOLVER
SAFE SEAT
WORTH PLAYING
HER FACE WENT WHITE AND
MUDDLING THROUGH
BLUE BLOOD
GUERRILLA WARFARE
WITH A KICK
FELL FLAT
ALL EXCEPT AUNTIE
A THOUSAND PITIES
WOKE UP GRANDPA
COVERED
WITH ONE HAND
LATEST METHOD
FROM FAR AND WIDE
PANIC IN THE STUDIO

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(997)	P.O. No.	Signed
Closing SAT. Aug. 31.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	
		Address

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(997)	P.O. No.	Signed
Closing SAT. Aug. 31.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	
		Address

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(997)	P.O. No.	Signed
Closing SAT. Aug. 31.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	
		Address

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(997)	P.O. No.	Signed
Closing SAT. Aug. 31.	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	
		Address

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 997, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.O.2 (Comp.)

WHO WANTS 48 FREE PAGES

of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords?

USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette: I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

- The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being clarity, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
- Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed with each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and under the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be re-used.
- The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.
- The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 992 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. W. Gorney, Albert Road, Sandown.
- NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 997 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A Co."



An actual photograph of the fire which destroyed the home of Mr. W. M. Davies, a JOHN BULL reader.

TOLL of the Flames

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE FOR
READER WEEK AFTER REGISTRATION

FASTER and still faster the Wrexham Borough Fire Brigade raced to Rhos. Four miles had to be covered. Arriving at Rhos they found a raging inferno had got its grip on a house.

For hours the men of the brigade battled with the flames. They saved five adjoining cottages, but the house was completely gutted.

This house, 24, Church Street, Rhos, was the home of Mr. W. M. Davies and his family.

Mr. Davies, a registered reader of JOHN BULL, remembered with relief that his furniture and belongings were safeguarded against Fire Damage by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift. ONLY A WEEK PREVIOUSLY he had filled up the forms similar to those which appear below, and JOHN BULL promptly despatched a cheque to him. Read Mr. Davies' letter:—

"Through the prompt reply to my telegram to JOHN BULL the day after a fire had completely burned out my home together with my furniture and personal belongings, and through their great kindness and courtesy, I have been relieved of all further worry, though I had only had one delivery of JOHN BULL, only having registered on July 17th, and the fire took place on the 24th. My full thanks are

"John Bull"—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

due to them for their great consideration."

IS YOUR HOME SAFEGUARDED? ARE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY PROTECTED? If not, then sign the forms below AT ONCE.

JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, to pay Sickness Benefit and to add a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to EVERY benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing. Your home is also safeguarded against damage by lightning.

JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance Gift protects you and yours against numerous other common perils, too, including Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Children's Accidents and Loss by Burglary.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers and their families continue to be covered by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days.

The only condition is that in the event of an application arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their newsgast to restart delivery immediately on their return.

THIRD... SECOND... FIRST!

No Wonder the Woman
Reporter got Busy

NEWs of a big *Bullets* success spreads quickly in a small town. In fact, soon after I had called for a chat with our 992nd *Bullets* First Prize-winner, writes a JOHN BULL man, a woman reported called on behalf of a local newspaper.

Out came my camera—and here you see Mr. A. B. Cassford, 71, Broadway, Sandown, Isle of Wight, telling her how he won £600 and free £50 Holidays. This was his fine double reward for the solemn but inspiring *Bullet*, VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY—LAST BREATH "FILLS SAILS."

For six years, Mr. Cassford told me, he has worked as a general mechanic in Clark and Sons' cycle shop, but it has been the hobby he took up early in 1933 that has put cheque after cheque in his bank account.

Commencing with a "Target" prize with his first entry, this young married man worked steadily away at *Bullets* in his spare time and soon proved his ability. After securing Third Prize of £25 and a Radio in our 919th Contest, he carried off the £50 Second Prize in *Bullets* No. 929, and now he has climbed to the peak of the prize-list.

Do not imagine from this splendid record that young Mr. Cassford has any magic formula for making prize *Bullets*, for there is no such thing. "With faith in the judges," he declared, "and a careful watch on the winners, it's just a way you get into if you keep at the job."

Contrasting strongly with Mr. Cassford's progressive successes, a Northumberland miner captured the Second Prize after nothing greater than "Target" awards.

He is Mr. H. L. Hopkin, 24, Second Single Row, North Sea ton Colliery, Newbiggin, and



"... and then I got to the top!"

a £50 cheque was his reward for his thoughtful, well-balanced *Bullet*, NURSES—PAID TRIBUTES—PAY'S INSULT.

"I made and remade my winning effort twelve times before I was satisfied," Mr. Hopkin told JOHN BULL. "For four months now I have been making *Bullets* on my return from my shift down the pit. I always work on them at nights, for during the day our baby won't let me!"

A telling *Bullet* about babies carried off Third Prize in this Contest—and it was the work of a bachelor, Mr. G. T. Wignall, 3, Charles Terrace, Mace Street, London, E. His was the neat £25 effort, SOMETHING DIFFERENT—YET LIFE'S "REPTITION," BABY.

"I was determined to win a big prize," declared this young upholsterer. "For six consecutive weeks I received 'Targets' and they convinced me that I was on the right track."

Mechanic, miner, upholsterer—these winners are typical of the *Bullets* family—the men and women who match their wits each week in friendly rivalry for our big prizes. Indeed, whatever your walk in life, there is nothing to prevent you walking off with this week's fine First Prize of £600 cash and a Millionaire's Week-end in London for Two!

THE "BIG 3" AGREE!

You have read about three big winners on this page and seen the neatness of their *Bullets*. But if they had competed without the free aid and encouragement of *Bullets Bulletin*, they agree that they might never have been able to make up their successful efforts.

If you could chat with these three winners, they would all give you the same recipe for success. "Send for *Bullets Bulletin*," they would tell you. "It helped us to win and it will help you."

Take their good advice. Post off to-night the Reservation Coupon on opposite page or enclose it with your *Bullets* entry this week!

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 993

First Prize—£600 Cash and Week's Free Motoring
W. WILKINS, 10a, Westboro' Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

Example: ANOTHER WAR
Bullet: CIVILISING BLACKS? BLACKENING CIVILISATION!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

W. JESSE, 26, Westbourne Road, Penarth.
Example: Man In A Cell
Bullet: Wrong "Turning" Against Him.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

E. J. PUTLAND, 9, Winders Road, Battersea, S.W.
Example: Fourteen Days
Bullet: Holidaymakers Deserve. "Imprisoning" Pets.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: W. H. TALLIS, 4, Christchurch Road, Dartford, Kent.
Another War—Coming? Recall "Those Gone"
£10: C. STOTT, 7, Evelyn Place, Armley, Leeds.
To Rescue Her—Dived Clothed—Lost "Trousers!"

15 OF £5 EACH:

T. W. J. ATKINS, 27, Picton Place, Cardiff.
Blind Justice—Dust Of Ages—Mustn't.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
A. M. BROWN, 51, Lincoln Road, Luton, Beds.
When Mussolini Says "No!"—Please.
Geneva—Don't "P-u-please"
Miss H. CAVILL, "Braehed" Hawthorn Street, Wilmslow, Cheshire.
Like A Bloodhound—Village "Tabby," Scenting "Tit-bits."
P. A. COOPER, 23, Philip Road, Bescot Grange, Walsall.
Beauty Queen—Bouquet Real—"Roses" Weren't!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
Miss A. CUSSENS, c/o Mrs. Hay, Sea View Farm, St. Eval, St. Issey, Cornwall.
Cool Head—Fireman's—Auntie's Heart's "Aglow."

L. EDMONDS, 7, Milton Terrace, Swansea.
Another War—Breaking Out—Nasty
"Escaping."
A. HAWKES, 2, Little Lane, West Bromwich.
Man In A Cell—Throwing Away Key—Believer.
Mrs. R. HAWKINS, 31, Kenlor Road, Tooting.
Father's Marrow—Made Zeppelin—No!
W. HAZELL, 41, Plympton Road, London N.W.
Easy To Start—Gossip Don't!
"Handle!"
Mrs. C. JEFFERY, 130, Salisbury Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Listening To The Band—Mother—To Band.
man, Daughter.
V. MACE, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.
Another War—Unavoidable.
"Evasion" Stops
A. C. MONK, 2, Myrtle Villas, Malling Road, Snodland, Kent.
Demon For Work—My "Angel"—Heard Coals.
C. B. MURRAY, 102, Manley Road, Manchester.
Like A House On Fire—Preparations For "Conflagration"—Proceeding.
H. L. SAWYER, 15, Redford Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
If We Had More—Food—Pausing—Dinner "Plate."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
W. E. WHALLEY, 40b, Preston New Road, Blackburn.
Won't Go Home—Thousand—Mu Shu's Polly Will.

A list of 30 £10s and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.
CONTINUITY BONUSES.—Cheques for 45 each have been duly despatched to the competitors who qualified for this extra payment as announced in connection with "Bullets" No. 991.

JOHN BULL Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 24/8/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
125, Long Acre, London, W.22.
I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

Age

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date

Use id. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if id. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 24/8/35

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN...
OFFER



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JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

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VALUE
3d.



Wanted... 4



THEY KNOW—
THE ENDLESS THRILLS OF A MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END, for Mr. Mace, 91, Adelaide Road, Edgeley, Stockport, and his fiancée enjoyed one as part of the First Prize in BULLETS No. 861. What Mr. Mace did,

SO CAN YOU!

BULLETS' WEEK-END 'MILLIONAIRES' . . . TO CELEBRATE OUR 1,000th OFFER!

£600 **£1000**

MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END FOR TWO

and MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END FOR TWO

your MILLIONAIRE'S CELEBRATION WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO

To celebrate 'BULLETS' No. 1,000, winner and chosen companion will travel First Class to London to enjoy a glorious week-end of thrills and entertainment, including tour of London, theatre, celebration dinner with other "Millionaire Week-enders" and Competition Editor, also visit to Long Acre. All at "John Bull's" expense, including luxurious car and hotel accommodation.

CELEBRATE "BULLETS" No. 1,000 IN MILLIONAIRE STYLE!

SOON all records in Competition history will be shattered by the launching of Bullets' 1,000th consecutive Contest—and JOHN BULL's memorable celebrations of the great occasion are starting with to-day's giant one-week offer! To celebrate Bullets No. 1,000, both this week's £800 First Prize-winner and the £100 Second Prize-winner will be privileged to bring a chosen companion to London for a glorious Millionaire's Week-end at JOHN BULL's expense.

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THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read carefully through the *Examples* and jot down all the ideas that strike you in connection with them. You have now to compress each rough idea into TWO, THREE or FOUR words, which express your meaning clearly and link closely with the *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you were working on the *Example With A Kick*. Your first rough note might be *Geneva—Or Whole World Ruined*. This you could readily compress and improve to the finished *Bullet*, *With A Kick—GENEVA—OR CIVILISATION "FOOTBALL."*

Before beginning on your own *Bullets* study closely the winning efforts on the previous page.

If you can appreciate the ingenious phrasing of these successful efforts there is no reason why you should not become one of the four *Bullets Week-end Millionaires* in your next ten minutes with the *Examples*—provided your entry is in by Saturday, August 31.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

IN EUROPE'S CAMP
LEAGUE MACHINERY
APPEALS TO ME
LIFE'S A.B.C.
UNDAUNTED
ANYTHING FOR PEACE
MILLIONAIRE'S PROBLEM
OVERDOING IT
RECORDING ANGEL
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HAPPY BAND
ENOUGH TO GO ROUND
WHEN FREE
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SAFE SEAT
WORTH PLAYING
HER FACE WENT WHITE AND
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FELL FLAT
ALL EXCEPT AUNTIE
A THOUSAND PITIES
WOKE UP GRANDPA
COVERED
WITH ONE HAND
LATEST METHOD
FROM FAR AND WIDE
PANIC IN THE STUDIO

£30 £20 £10
10 of £5 10 of £2.10s

25 of £1
2,000 'RED SEALS' • 8,000 'TARGETS'

1,000 SURPRISE AWARDS

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(997) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Aug. 31. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(997) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Aug. 31. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(997) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Aug. 31. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(997) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Aug. 31. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 997, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.O.2 (Comp.)

WHO WANTS 48 FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords? USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" (CROSSWORD)

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette; I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

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If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

- The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being originality and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
- Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 1d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed "A. W. Gurney." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
- The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £800 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 997 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. W. Gurney, Albert Road, Sandown.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 997 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

WHAT A NERVE!



You may not have
HIS SKILL
but you can have
HIS NERVE!

Nervone will give you "Nerves of Steel" by creating abundant nerve power—by nourishing nerve and brain and flooding your system with glowing, tingling vitality.



HOW you admire the person who remains calm and unruffled in circumstances that set everyone else fuming, fussing and worrying; the person who does things really well and seemingly without effort, who is always good-natured and serenely self-possessed. You say he has personality, charm, magnetism, but that is only another way of saying he has healthy nerves. Are YOU such a person? If not, then let Nervone make you so

NERVONE

the Great Remedy for

"NERVES"

BRAIN FAG..

NEURASTHENIA.

LOSS of MEMORY

MORBIDNESS...

and other Nervous disorders.

This powerful remedy is surprisingly simple and agreeable to take, just two small tablets dissolved on the tongue at meal times. That is all, but what a world of difference. Until you have experienced that wonderful release from "Nerves" you cannot realise the joy of it. Nervone is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which enables the nerve and brain cells to take up their proper nourishment from the blood. Not a mere "tonic" but a real nerve and brain regenerator.

How Nervone has helped others.

Read what Users say:—

"After taking Nervone tablets for a month, I feel an entirely different person. It is such a relief to be free from pains in the head, etc."
(A.D.1094) Luton, Beds.

"I feel very much better since taking Nervone. Can sleep soundly at night now and am full of energy during the daytime."
(A.D.1093) Shettleston, Glasgow.

"I am writing to thank you for your wonderful remedy Nervone, for already my nerves are steady and I feel a different man. Nervone makes life really worth living."
(A.S.1177) Rochester, Kent.

"I have had wonderful results from one bottle of Nervone tablets. I think I do not need any more, as I am completely cured of my nervousness and feel a new woman, thanks to Nervone."
(A.B.1218) Torquay, Devon.

"I have taken one bottle of Nervone with marvellous results and wish to continue the treatment. Nervone does all it claims to do, which so-called tonics seldom do. Nervone has the best recommendation in the world—it delivers the goods."
(A.R.1106) Bootle, Liverpool.

"Nervone is amazing; I feel more like forty than sixty, which is my age. I went to see a friend three weeks ago who had fallen downstairs. She is eighty, and her doctor said she could not get better. I took her a bottle of Nervone and told her to be sure to take the tablets, and to-day I have seen her again. I found her up and dressed and able to get about."
(A.R.1107) Hampton in Arden, Warwickshire.

"I have great pleasure in telling you that Nervone has done me a great deal of good. My health has improved 50 per cent. and my vision is much clearer. I intend to carry on with Nervone."
(A.P.1125) Manchester, Lancs.

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FREE

Simply fill in the attached coupon and post it, without delay, to: The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd. (Dept. N.15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Post your Coupon NOW while you think of it.

This offer is too good to be missed. ★

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THROUGH THE BLOOD

It will revitalise your Nerves and give you Vim, Vigour and Vitality...

Nervone will make you fresh, alert, eager to come to grips with life. Those overwhelming difficulties that have been daunting you and robbing life of all its fun and adventure will shrink to nothingness before the increasing vigour of a revitalised nervous system. One of the principal constituents of Nervone has been well described as "The very essence of life." It enters into the composition of every muscle, nerve and sinew of the body. So long as life lasts this marvellously potent element plays its vital part in the human economy. It repairs waste, hinders decay, is antiseptic in its influence and enters largely into the composition of the grey matter of the brain. Nervone is a vital nerve cell-food acting directly through the blood. In an entirely natural way, Nervone strengthens the weakened nerves and tired brain, bringing not only relief to them, but renewed health to every organ of the body as a result of improved nervous control. Healthy, steady nerves, a calm, alert brain—these are your birthright. If ill-health or the strain of modern life have robbed you of them, let Nervone restore them to you now!

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For Free Trial Sample of "Nervone." ★

TO THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.,
(Dept. N.15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample of Nervone and Booklet describing how "Nervone" rebuilds and strengthens nerves and brain.

NAME
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS

John Bull, 24.8.35.

You can have 'Nerves of Steel' with NERVONE